

Cens. 523.

T O L O N D R O N .

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T O L O N D R O N.
SPEECHES TO JOHN BOWLE

ABOUT HIS EDITION OF

D O N Q U I X O T E ;

TOGETHER WITH

Some Account of SPANISH LITERATURE,

By J O S E P H B A R E T T I.

*Cosa digna de embidia
Es el consuelo, que gastan
Los Bobos en este mundo,
Y aquella gran confianza
De que imaginan, que son
Sentenciar las patochadas.*

Don Antonio de Solis,

L O N D O N :
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M,DCC,LXXXVI.

T O F O R O M

TEACHES to JOHN BOWIE

ABOUT HIS TEACHING

FOR O U I T

OF THE TEACHING OF BOWIE

FOR O U I T



AD DOCTUM MILORDUM.

EPISTOLA COCAIANA.

O Macaronei Merlini, care Milorde,
 Qui joca fautor amas, capriciosque probas!

Cui, debata inter, Parliamentique facendas,

Gustum est privatis ludere quisquillis!

Hunc tibi commendo, preclare Milorde, libellum

Scarabochiatum poco labore meo.

Impertinenzas narrat, magnasque bugias

Commentatoris serio-ridiculi;

Qui multas linguas et multa idiomata noscent,

Nescit quam didicit matris ab ore puer;

Qui bravo binas Quixoto præscidit aures,

Nasum Sanchoni sanguineumque dedit:

Qui, tanquam sutor veteramentarius esset,

Johnsono impegit scommata fœda sopho:

Qui, sine vergognæ grano, quasi rana, coaxat,

Innocuas operas vilificando meas.

Hic

Hic ego tento suum livorem obtundere iniquum,

Quo mundum totum pestiferare velit:

Tento, si critico randello rumpere dorsum

Mulescum possum, dando, redando bene.

O si Flacceils mea Musa tonaret iambis,

Et rabies numeris Archilochea foret!

Præcipitem hunc agerem, donec, velut ipse Lycambes,

Fune sibi collum fregerit ante diem!

Anne probent Britones, Scoti, Hibernique libellum

Stregonus tantum vaticinare potest.

At, si Milordum, venefonis instar aroste,

Delectat, bene sit! sin minus, ah, ohime!

A P R E F A C E,

Which is no Preface.

TO my indubitable knowledge, there is no Bookmaker in all England, and I might as well say in all France, or any other country you please, but what finds it a very puzzling affair to contrive his first page so cleverly, as to make sure of his Reader's good wishes, when on the eve of going a journey to Scribbleland: and this is punctually my case. Tomorrow, or next day at farthest, I am resolved to set out for it, be the roads ever so bad, the season unpropitious, and the hopes of success uncertain: and to bespeak those good wishes, you may well guess, is what I have now mightily at heart, as it is very uncomfortable on such occasions, not to have a friendly soul to bid you good-bye: but, whether that my Fancy has lost the use of her

legs by staying constantly at home, these five years, and will not see me a step of the way, or that my queer subject, desirous to be my sole attendant on this jaunt, has locked her up in her dormitory; I question very much, whether she will see me at all before my departure, as she used kindly to do in the days of yore. Well: I will send to her again this afternoon, and try if I can at least induce her to lend me a few words for the above purpose; a favour she can scarcely refuse, considering what intimate friends we have been once. If she comes, well and good; the Reader shall have the customary page: if she comes not, he must endeavour to shift without it, as I cannot do, but what I can do. Mean while, that I may not be quite idle, to beguile the time, and fill up the interim, I will amuse myself with making a Speech to a certain Editor of Don Quixote; and, if the by-standers have nothing better to do, I beg they will honour it with their attention.

TOLON-

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE FIRST.

Un di Costor, che han l' anima per sale

Acciocchè la carnaccia non si guasti,

Se lo potesse, mi faria del male.

Niccolò Forteguerri.

THE first time, I ever saw you, my good Mr. Bowle, was at a Tavern in Holborn, where your friend Captain Crookshanks invited me to dine with half a dozen dilettantes of the Spanish tongue, among whom I was to see your worship, a man celebrated for his unbounded learning, who was soon to publish an Edition of Don Quixote in the original language, the very best edition the world had ever beheld; together with a Comment on it, the most marvellous of all comments.

As I took it for granted, that the conversation there was to run in Spanish, I

prepared myself for it by a hasty review of my store, in order to bring my mind to think in Spanish, that I might contribute my little share to the satisfaction of the company: but not small was my surprise on finding, that we were to speak English in compliment to Mr. Editor and Commentator, who declared without blushing, that he could not utter a syllable of Spanish, nor understand a word of it, when spoken. A special Editor (said I to myself) that does neither speak, nor understand the language of the book he is going to publish! How the deuce will he be able to place the accents right on the words of a language, that requires so many as the Spanish does, if his ear, unacquainted with the pronunciation, directs him not?—However, I kept that thought to myself, as I was not to answer for the correctness of the edition,

and

and the Editor's reputation was not in my keeping.

On my entering the tavern, you in particular received me with great politeness, and endeavoured to make me recollect, that eight or nine years before, we had met in a Bookfeller's shop, where, on your apprizing me of your intended edition, I had been so kind (as you phrased it) to make you a present of I know not what pamphlet, that might be of some little use with regard to your enterprize; to which piece of good breeding I frankly answered, that I merited no thanks at all, having perfectly forgotten the transaction, together with your name and person, having unfortunately never had an opportunity to renew my ideas of you and your edition; and that was really the case. But, Sir, though that was the case, was not my little present

(if ever I made it) a proof, that I had conceived no aversion to you and your enterprise, the first time that I heard of it from yourself in the bookseller's shop?

Our dinner was jovial, and for a couple of hours we seemed much pleased with each other. Presently after dinner, a Printer's boy brought you a sheet of your edition, and you went to a side-table to correct it. Your task finished, I begged to give a look to the sheet; and was not a little surprised, on casting my eyes upon the first line, to find, as I had just thought it would happen, that every accent was either wanting, or misplaced. I asked you, whether that was your last revise, and you answered in the affirmative; which made me jocularly advise you to have one more, as sheets were not to be corrected whilst the bottle was in circulation.

lation. My hint was friendly, but was lost; for, instead of taking it, and asking me what errors I perceived in your revise, you snatched it out of my hand, telling me with a pretty simper, that *you were sure of your corrections*: and dismissing the boy with it, sat down again with us, mightily contented with your brave performance.

What judgment I formed of you and your abilities, as an editor of Don Quixote, may easily be guessed by this first token you gave me of them. It was plain, that your book would prove perfectly useless to all classes of readers, and even hurtful to all learners of that tongue, if you were to be the Corrector. However, as I said before, your reputation as an Hispanist, and your profits as an Editor, were no concerns of mine, and I was satisfied, that I had not yet subscribed my three guineas,

guineas, which was enough for me, whatever might be my desire to see a faultless edition of Don Quixote; a thing, that has not yet been effected to this day in Spain, in England, or any where else. Being a perfect stranger to you, I knew not how you would take any advice I could offer without your asking for it: therefore, I offered none, knowing very well, that,

Es cosa de majadero

El meterse a Consejero

Ado vés que no te llaman;

and being likewise but lightly acquainted with Captain Crookshanks, I did not think proper to tell him, that your book would not do; but contented myself with refusing him my solicited subscription, as too dear for my finances: yet feeling an uneasy sensation, as I revolved in my mind the strange blunder you were going to commit, I made one effort more,
before

before we parted company, and tendered you my assistance in the correction of your sheets, as I heard you lived in Wiltshire, and could not; of course, see your printer often: but my offer was declined, because *you trusted your correction to no body, but yourself*, as you emphatically answered.—Well done! thought I again. The man is infatuated with his knowledge: but time will come, that he will find himself in a pretty pickle!—However, was not my tender a second proof, that I was quite friendly to your enterprise? What motive, what shadow of motive could I have, to be inimical to it? I had no edition of my own to sell in competition.

It happened five or six years after that date, that a gentleman invited me to spend a summer at his country-house, and to teach a little Spanish to his two sons,
whom

whom he intended soon to send on their travels, and to Spain in particular. To bring that teaching about, I took with me, among other books, my *Don Quixote*: but as the reading of three out of one book proved inconvenient, the young gentlemen requested Captain Crookshanks, who lived in the neighbourhood, to help us to one or two exemplaries more; and he sent us Tonson's edition, and yours, which I had never seen, nor heard any character of, good, or bad, since I had parted from you in Holborn.

On casting my eye upon yours, I suddenly recollected the sheet I had seen at the tavern, which made me look into it with some eagerness: and your rageful *Letter to the Divinity-Doctor*, wherein you call me an ignorant fellow in point of Spanish, forces me to tell you, (not at all out of pique, whatever you may imagine,
but

but for the mere sake of truth) that I found your Edition even worse, than I had preconceived. On a close inspection, dear Mr. John Bowle, I had plenty of reason to wonder at such an editor and commentator! The *Text*, upon an average, has forty or fifty errors (that I may not say sixty or seventy) in every page, mostly produced by your perfect ignorance of the pronunciation, as I shall shew you at large in its due place; and, as to your *Notes* upon it, they are either trifling, or needless, or absurd for the greatest part, which I will evince clearly enough, when I come to make my comment upon your *Comment*.

But what shall I say to your two *Spanish Prefaces*, the one preceding your *Notes*, the other your *Indexes of Cervantes' words* alphabetically arranged? How could you, Mr. John, take into your head to write them in Spanish? You say in your letter to your
 Doctor,

Doctor, that the first *has been honoured with the approbation of an Honourable Person*: but have you not mistaken a compliment for an approbation? or, are you sure, that *Honourable Persons* never make game of *Tolondrons*, when they throw themselves in their way? Whatever approbation you may dream of, I tell you in the name of my own *Inhonourable Person*, that your *Honourable Person* would take it very much amiss, were you ever to make so free with his name, as to tell it us in print upon this score; and I will tell you further, in my own name likewise, that such strange stuff, as your two Prefaces, was never penned in Spanish, ever since the siege of Saguntum. Believe quite the contrary, Mr. Preface-maker, if you choose: but believe likewise, that, as long as you shall believe the contrary, I will firmly believe you the arrantest *Tolondron*, that

ever put pen to paper: and my readers may possibly adopt my belief, rather than yours, before I dismiss you to your evening prayers.

I ask you now this serious question, Mr. John Bowle. How was I to act with my two pupils; now, that I was to use your edition in teaching them Spanish? They, as I immediately found, had by Captain Crookshanks been both so strongly prepossessed in your favour during some years, that, the eldest especially, could not but think you the greatest man England could boast of in point of Spanish, and almost quarrelled with me, on hearing me call your Edition a bad edition. Yet, how could I leave them in their opinion, had I been ever so willing to spare you? Was it possible for me to read on, and not point out the errors, that were soon to give them the eye-sore? 'Tis plain, that this

was

was not practicable by any means, had I even been as clever at a contrivance, as Merlin the magician, or Merlin the machinist. I was therefore driven by the unavoidable circumstance, to let them into a secret, that could not be concealed, and to make them take notice, as we went on, of all your strange doings, by throwing a dash under every word that was mis-accented, or mis-spelt, and writing it the right way in the margin, which was scarce sufficiently spacious for this kind of work, though one of the most spacious that can reasonably be wished.

The two young gentlemen advanced in the knowledge of the language with surprising facility and quickness, as they understood already so much of Italian and French, as to read *Ariosto* and *Moliere*, besides their having already a pretty good stock of Latin and Greek : and you know,
that

that young folks will rapidly learn, when they have from their childhood been well disciplined, and accustomed to learn. Our reading went bravely on, at the rate of six or seven hours every morning; and at night, while I was engaged at whist or piquet, they would still be tooth and nail at Don Quixote till supper-time. My morning work of the *notes in the margin*, though in itself an irksome sort of business, encreased a-pace, and would often cause a hearty laugh, and good fun, as they call it, because of the equivocations, that the omission or misplacing of the accents produced. Had we kept the laughing and the fun to ourselves, you had not possibly written your wrathful *Letter to the Divinity-Doctor*, nor I these pages by way of an answer in the Doctor's stead, who is likely never to answer it himself. But laughter and fun are of a propagating

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nature,

nature, and the urchins would by all means admit Captain Crookshanks (who loves both dearly) to partake in our diversion; a thing indeed unavoidable, except we had been rude to him, as he visited us every morning, had made a present of your book to me, and insisted to be present at my lessons, that he might see how we went on, and clear up at the same time some imperfect notions he had long conceived about the Editor's absurd orthography, and other matters. What can I say, Mr. John Bowle? Other visitors partook, by degrees, of our laughter and fun; and, as you lived not many miles off, were soon informed of my wicked doings by some merry mischief-maker, desirous, no doubt, to encrease that fun and laughter *ad infinitum*.

Little wits are apt to take great offence at little things; witness a certain elderly lady

lady of my acquaintance, who, but t'other day, besmeared the face of her hair-dresser with soft pomatum, because he did not make her handsome, as she knew the villain could, if he had been willing to take pains. But let us not digress from the main purpose, lest I lose any particle of your attention. Lack-a-day, my good friend, I am quite vexed, when I think, that, on your being apprised of my *marginal notes* (the devil take 'em all!) you flew into such a rage, that the king of Sparta's was butter-milk to it, when he first heard the news of his naughty Nelly running away with old Priam's roguish son! The story goes still about Wiltshire and Hampshire, that your first officious informer narrowly escaped a most noxious aspersion, as he, unluckily and unthinkingly, imparted to you the sad tidings while you were getting out of your bed, so much

were you galled at some appearance of complacence, by him betrayed while minutely relating the frightful tale. But so it is, that your Mamma begot you while she was scolding her chamber-maid for not having well cleaned the parlour-fender; and that was the cause you came into this world with such a disposition to irascibility, as to make even your dogs shiver, when they happen to bark in your outer-rooms, and interrupt your eternal study of the Spanish language.

From that unauspicious moment, you conceived, it is plain, such an unquenchable aversion to your luckless *Annotator*, that, in my humble opinion, is by many yards disproportionate to the occasion I accidentally and unavoidably gave for it: and, to let you into a secret, as aversion breeds aversion, I have on my side taken such a dislike to you, that you are now as odious to me, as the fiddle of an old foot-
man,

man, whom I hear from morn to night
 scrape and scrape in my next neighbour's
 kitchen. A vast deal of nonsense you and
 I are now going to pen against each other,
 in consequence of our mutual antipathy:
 but so much the worse for you, that be-
 gan the battle, which you might as well
 have done without. Had any wise body
 been in your skin, he would have acted quite
 differently on his first hearing of my *margi-
 nal notes*. Instead of fretting, and fuming,
 and swearing, and damning, and opening the
 gate quite wide to a black and tormentous
 passion, a wise body would in such a con-
 tingency have come straightways to me,
 and in a bonny tone desired to see some of
 my iniquitous doings, which had certainly
 been granted. If then, on the inspection
 of half a dozen pages, he had found me
 a silly annotator, he could easily have de-
 fended himself and his edition, by evi-

dent and convincing reasons, and thus exposed me to my two pupils for an archetype of ignorance, dullness, injustice, or capriciousness at least: But if, on the other hand, and contrary to his expectation, he had been persuaded himself by evident and convincing reasons, that he knew little or nothing of the matter, little or nothing of what he had long dreamt he knew thoroughly; he would have handsomely thanked the Annotator for having cured him thus of his long blindness, gone back home on a full gallop, made a heap of the whole edition in his yard, and set it a-fire, as the honest Curate did Don Quixote's chivalry-books, nor ever troubled himself afterwards about Spanish language, and Spanish authors.

This is the manner in which any magnanimous Briton would have proceeded
upon

upon so trying an occasion: But magnanimity, Mr. John, is not yet to be registered in the catalogue of your manifold virtues; and I am sorry to say, that, among your few foibles, there is such a terrible conceit of your thorough knowledge in point of modern languages, Spanish in particular, that, like musk in an old drawer, has permeated and tainted the most compact parts of your wooden skull; so that, the same wooden skull will now require a good washing and rubbing with soap, sand, and boiling water, to rid it of the stinking effluvia; and that will not be the work of a day, upon my honour. The thorough knowledge of the Spanish tongue is the hobby-horse you have been riding on during such a length of years, that I fear you will never be brought to sell it at half price. The beast is lineally descended from *Bajardo*, the famed stallion, who

could at times speak and hold conversation with his enamoured master about the coy *Angelica*, as I have read, I remember not where: and, being thus highly descended, he too (naughty hobby-horse!) will talk in imitation of his prattling progenitor; and has really talked you into the stubborn persuasion, that you are as superlative a linguist, as Mithridates, king of Pontus, of loquacious memory: hence the lamentable reason that, on the above occasion, you did not act with a becoming British spirit, to the great detriment of your daily business, the incessant turning the leaves of folio dictionaries, and octavo grammars. Lack-a-day! It was by listening to the silly talk of that insidious animal, that your anger has now gotten such a superfetation of wrath, as is absolutely beyond the medical powers of Doctor Munro to remove either; and that, like a bull disappointed

appointed of his white heifer, you now run about the Wiltshire hundreds, loudly bellowing against me, as if I had robbed you of every comfort of life by those notes in your margins. But hark ye, Mr. John Bowle ! It is never too late to mend ; and there is no hobby-horse upon the face of the earth, but what any editor or commentator will subdue, be his mettle ever so high, if the editor or commentator will but valiantly go about it. Take my advice, Mr. John Bowle : Set only your whole edition, *text and comment*, a-fire in your yard, and place the beast a leeward of the burning pile ; and I lay you a Spanish doubloon to a maravedi, the very first whiff of the smoke that enters his nostrils, deprives him of his pernicious power of talking : and the horse once dumb, you are a made man, and recover from your distemper, to the great com-

fort and satisfaction of your numerous friends and well-wishers, who have long been mourning at the loss of that plumpness, which used to irradiate hitherto your cheeks, and encrease the natural roundness of your chin.

I say, that, on your first hearing of my *marginal Notes*, you became so frantic and desperate, that, with your wig all awry, you stopped every body in the street, and fell a telling each one of my past, present, and future iniquities, though not one in ten thousand had ever heard of my name, and though you yourself had seen me but once at a tavern, and once at Captain Crookshanks's about a fortnight or three weeks before; of course, knew just as much of my iniquities, or no-iniquities, as you do of the present Kan of the Usbeck Tartars. And what was the consequence of that
fran-

frantickness and desperation? Dear bystanders, I will tell you, if you are at leisure to hear it! The Goddess of the hundred trumpets, as chatty a jade as ever was born, quickly apprised me of it; and informed me besides, that the *Tolondron* was actually scheming and compassing no less than my utter annihilation as a man of literature; which annihilation was to be accompanied with circumstances quite direful, tremendous, and never heard of before by man, woman, or child. All this chimney-fire, however, I flattered myself (and who does not flatter himself?) would, in about a week or two, end in smoke, and that, in a sober hour, Mr. John Bowle, like a good Christian, would give up all his ideas of revenge, and bear my *marginal Notes* as other people bear misfortunes, that amount not to the loss of an elbow, a knee, or a great toe: and

in

in fact, three complete years elapsed, that I heard but very seldom of Mr. John Bowle and his misbegotten wrath, in which long interval I had almost forgotten both him and his Don Quixote, and thought of him little more than of the man in the moon. But, oh Jupiter and Juno! Too veridic did he at last make the report of the gossiping Goddess! For, within these seventeen months (some say eighteen) he worked so hard, as to produce the above-mentioned *Letter to a Divinity-Doctor*, quite as dreadful as the Pope's bull *In cæna Domini*, if not more. Zooks! It was in that annihilating letter, that Mr. Bowle, you, you, Mr. John Bowle, said, in an annihilating tone, as how there was in London-town an "odd fellow, ycleped " Joseph Baretti, who, to your most positive knowledge, knows no Spanish at " all; is a compleat ignoramus in French " and

“ and English; and what is quite scan-
 “ dalous, knows no more of Italian than
 “ your grey-hound, though it happens to
 “ be his native language. True, adds
 “ your Tolondronship, that this same
 “ fellow, this stupid fellow, this very
 “ hateful and very detestable fellow, has
 “ proved so malapert, as to scribble a
 “ variety of things in each one of those
 “ tongues; and that the world, as they
 “ call it, has been in general so egregiously
 “ foolish, as to look upon him as a kind
 “ of linguist: but, what signifies what
 “ the world thinks, or says, when I re-
 “ fuse my sanction to what is said, or
 “ thought? The real fact is, my Lord, that
 “ this fellow’s English swarms with out-
 “ landish words and idioms, besides, that
 “ it is stuck all over with outlandish
 “ conceits, and witticisms outlandish.
 “ Then his French is just such as is
 “ spoken

"spoken by the Basque-Peasants, that
 "go to help harvest in the *Pais de Bigorre*,
 "or I know nothing of it: and, as to
 "his Spanish, take my word for it, that
 "the King of Spain's decipherers would
 "hang themselves in despair, were they
 "tasked with the explanation of it. How-
 "ever, the worst of all is his Italian. In
 "my ears, and I will take my oath of it;
 "it sounds exactly like the *High-Dutch*
 "spoken at Nuremberg, and in the Swiss
 "Canton of *Underwald*. Oh, what a
 "Talian! *Libera nos, Domine* from his
 "Talian!"

"All this, my sweet Mr. John, you have
 said with regard to my skill in those lan-
 guages, and said it to no less a man, than
 a Divinity-Doctor, who probably knows
 as much of them as yourself, or there-
 abouts. True it is, that, in your letter,
 you have not been quite so clear and ex-
 plicit,

plicit, as I am here; because, unluckily
 for your readers, you are as yet but young
 and raw in your authorship, and a mere
 novice in the art of epistolary writing:
 but what is that to any body? Tanta-
 mount is tantamount all the world over;
 and it makes not a farthing difference, if
 you have as yet not gotten the knack of
 clothing your deep meanings in clear Eng-
 lish words and explicit English phrases,
 especially as you are morally sure, that it
 will be but the work of some dozens of years
 to bring yourself to tell your multitudinous
 thoughts without confusion and without
 amphibology: but I, that know how to
 squeeze a lemon, when punch is to be made,
 have here squeezed out the juice of your
 four letter, which, mixed with the water
 and sugar of my words, makes now such a
 lemonade, as may be drank at one gulp
 even by your washer-woman.

Let

Let me now, dear Mr. John, by way of setting clearer off my little skill in expounding your abstruse and intricate ideas, give a short scrap of your genuine style and manner of writing, and try whether I am conjuror enough to make my readers comprehend another passage, rather nebulous than misty, in that same letter of yours, which, in my humble apprehension, they will never attain the sense of, if I forbear approaching my rush-candle, to dispel the thick darkness, that surrounds it.

You, Mr. John Bowle, when composing that fine annihilating letter to your Doctor, thought yourself under the most precise necessity, not only, to deny me all gift of tongues, but, what is almost as unkind, to give a nice cut to my moral character, which, you fancied, stood a little in your way, and kept you wavering in your intended

intended annihilation of my literary one. Under so strict a necessity, as a man that is fertile in expedients, when good purposes are to be brought about, you conceived the noble design of metamorphosing me into a pickpocket, and charged me with having done no less, than to steal a watch.

To bring this pretty imputation cleverly about, you took advantage (and a fair advantage it was) of a story I told at Penton, the day, that you, and I, and some other gentlemen dined at Captain Crookshanks's, of a man of fortune, who made me once a present of a *Quare*, or *Tompson*, I recollect not which; but, hearing a few months after, (from one of his Huntsmen, who wanted me out of his way for a certain purpose of his own) that I had spoken with contempt of some of his verses, grew at once so angry, as to

D.

send

send for the watch back, on pretence, that he had only lent it me; with which request I instantly complied, giving him however such a hint in my answer, as made him mind the Does in his park a little better than he had done before, and grow ashamed of his ready crediting the Huntsman's tale: and here, by way of corollary, I must add, that I told my story, as one of the company happened to mention the gentleman that lent watches.

I suppose, honest John, that, on your hearing a short while after that conversation at the Captain's, of my *marginal notes* on your edition, and wanting, in the height of your christian goodness, to give me something more than tit for tat, you thought of a collection of rare anecdotes, that might be serviceable to the intended annihilation: and calling back to your
mind

mind my pretty story, presently schemed
of turning it to your purpose: but not
being able to speak with the identical
lender of watches, for the obvious reason,
that he had by this time been a good
many years in his grave, and meeting
no where with any body, that could tell
it you with less drollery than I had done
at the Captain's table, you bravely resolved
to do it yourself; yet, in such an innu-
endo-way, that no human wit could make
any thing of it in that part of this great
metropolis, called Westminster. Avail-
ling therefore yourself of an account
given in my travels through Spain, of
two Portuguese chaise-drivers, one of
whom made use of the word *furar*,
you paraphrased that account with these
words, "Though it may be said with truth
of an Italian, who stole his friend's
watch,

“ watch, *che farava il oriuolo del suo amico*;
 “ yet had we not the irrefragable testi-
 “ mony of the relator, we would rather
 “ think, that both, if either, would have
 “ used the word *furtar*, that being their
 “ verb to steal.”

Let me put into plain English these clou-
 dy words, that Mr. Bowle's ingenuity and
 honesty may appear to the best advantage:
 By substituting my name to the two
 words *Italian* and *Relator*, the sense of the
 paragraph will be this :

“ It is true, that Mr. Baretti has stolen
 “ a watch from one of his friends ; and
 “ we have his own irrefragable testimony
 “ for the fact, as he himself has related
 “ it, in mine and other gentlemen's hear-
 “ ing, at Captain Crookshanks's table.
 “ And this is what either, or both the
 “ chaise-drivers, would have called, not
 “ *furar*, which is an Italian word, but
 “ *furtar* ;

"*furtar* ; which is the Portuguese for to
 "*steal*."

Having now rendered his paragraph intelligible to the meanest capacities, Mr. Bowle will expect, that I put myself to the trouble likewise of confuting the charge it contains : but this, by his good leave, I will decline, as it would in my opinion be quite absurd to contest any point advanced by Mr. Bowle, a man, whose veracity it would be a sin ever to question in the least. This, however, I will say, that it is great pity he has with his veracity mixed so much of his tolondronery, as to affirm that I was myself *the Relator* of my pick-pocketical prank ; for, that may, in my opinion, somewhat infirm the credit due to his pretty story, and, were he not the Tolondron he is, his charge would have been rendered greatly more *believable*, had he suppressed

that circumstance, as few folks will ever be brought to bolt it down, that I would go wantonly myself to tell half a dozen worthy gentlemen such a story of myself. Dear Mr. Bowle, did you not see, that, by making such an impudent rogue of me, you have made an impudent Tolondron of yourself? And, moreover, what need had you to tell your honest meaning, as it were, in hugger-mugger? Could you not have it out boldly, and without involving it in a silly gibberish, made up of Italian, Portuguese, and English? Why such an interlardation of exotic words with your own main language? Dear Bowle! leave off in future this tolondron-inanœuvre of jumbling languages together, when there is no urgent necessity for it, as in all likelihood you will not find every day and every where, such skilful interpreters

as I am, of your tenebrious way of writing.

But my stolen watch tells me, that it is now near twelve: and it is time for me to go to bed. To-morrow I will rise earlier than usual, to make a second speech to your worship. Go you to sleep likewise, that you may be up as soon as I call you. Good night, John Tolon-dron, good night.

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE SECOND.

Con rostro firme, y con serena frente,

Como habla el hideduta, y como miente!

Isidro de Figuera.

BY the trouble I took last night to explain your passage about the stolen watch, in order to make your honesty and ingenuity shine forth and dazzle the eyes of your readers, you may see, Mr. John Bowle, that I have both your literary and moral interest at heart; and, of course, that I do not quite deserve the charming character you have been pleased to give me in your annihilating letter, wherein you say, and I apprehend with some inconsiderateness, that I have *a superabundance of gall in my ink*, and that my pen is *dipt in double poison*, which makes me write *with acrimony, rancour, and virulence*.

But, how came your Tolondronship to dream, that I ever did you the honour to
write

write a line against you, or about you in all my born days? Why will you make yourself of importance in people's eyes, by falsely telling them, that you have been written against, when neither I, nor any living soul, ever thought of such a thing? True it is, that, as chance would have it, I made *marginal notes* on your edition and comment of Don Quixote, for the instruction of two disciples, and threw a multitude of dashes under a multitude of petty errors, committed by you throughout that edition and that comment: but notes and dashes admit of no gall, of no *double-poison*, of no *acrimony*, *rancour*, and *virulence*; therefore they could not warrant your calling me *a waspish Reviewer, who endeavours to bias people by misrepresentation, ignorance, and prejudice*, especially as you never would call on us to give them a look, which it was in your power to do. No more did they warrant you to say, that I am *capable of saying any thing*; that I might *cut a figure in the "Parcheles de Malaga,"* which may mean, that I am a rogue and
a cheat;

a cheat; that I am a malignant interpreter of *ether* people's literary labours; that I have no regard to truth; that my tenets are only acceptable to the most *seculent* part of the human race; that I am an evil speaker with a tongue like a razor; that I am any body's agent for defamatory purposes; that I am cruel, barbarous, inhuman, savage, and so forth. Indeed, indeed, Mr. John, this senseless rant you will do better by half to abstain from in all your future lucubrations, for the reason, that I have lived the best part of my life in this your country, and not in 'Kamtschatka; and am, of course, personally known to a considerable number of your countrymen and countrywomen, for a sober, peaceful, and studious man, who lives the greatest part of his time at home, and has for these many years delighted in nothing but books and amicable conversation. Take care of yourself, you great Tolondron, lest by your senseless rant, you run the danger of being thought, by my numerous acquaintance at least, not a native of their island,

but

but an Ourang-Outang, imported from Borneo in some Dutch ship, and missed on the Hampshire coast by the carelessness of his keeper. Indeed, Mr. Bowle, this same rant of yours, is rather the grinning snutter of that, or some such like beast, than the language of a Briton: and you know but little of the people you live amongst, if you think they will approve of such a phraseology in the mouth of one of their countrymen. Be a poor Tolondron as long as you live: there will be no great harm in it: but assume not the Ourang-Outang any more, if you intend to save your skin from being sent, soon or late, to Sir Ashton Lever's museum, and placed in the most conspicuous part of his gallery.

That I have many and many exceptionable qualities, I will easily allow. I am a man, and of course a sinner; and I heartily wish it were otherwise: yet, I cannot by any means persuade myself, that my sins have been increased, when I made *marginal notes* on your *Don Quixote*;
nor

nor did ever, as yet, any man of literature, or any other reasonable being, dream that he does a wrong and wicked thing, who points out to his pupils in private, or to the world in general, the errors committed by Editors and Commentators of books; nor was ever an inoffensive Critic madly called *inhuman, barbarous, savage, cruel*, for having marked down in his own book, accents misplaced, idioms that are no idioms, verses spoiled in the transcription, or other such ridiculous faults, produced by the stupidity of a proud pedant, who never would stoop to consult, but his own silly self, when going upon an enterprise greatly above his acquired capacities. Print away, my honest Jack; print, at any rate, the most extravagant falsehoods of me. Call me a rogue, a cheat, a pick-pocket, an evil-speaker, a defamer, a Turk, a Lestrigon, an Anthropophagus, any thing you please. Far from retaliating with similar, or worse names, I will be satisfied with terming you a *Tolondron*, and a *Tolondron*

dron again, until I see you mend for the better.

However, Mr. John Bowle, take not this intended meekness of mine in such a sense, as to believe, that I want, by the indirect means of a mild deportment, to blunt the edge of your wit, when, as you threaten, you shall set about reviewing, *per extensum*, every thing I ever published in any language, and write my Life into the bargain. So far from intending to check your wit and genius, when you shall think proper to arraign my knowledge, or no knowledge, of this, and that, and t'other thing, I exhort you, on the contrary, to do it with as much briskness and vigour as your innate gloominess and solondronery will permit: for, to tell it you between friends, I naturally hate as much a water-gruel critic, and a controvertist, that has no spunk, as I hate a dunghill cock, that runs into the cow-house, when he spies a kite hovering over the farm-yard. But still! Can't you bring yourself to speak and write, as all well-bred folks do,

with

with temper and good-humour, even when the pot of resentment is boiling? Can't you rally and banter, and be gamesome, instead of playing the Hyena, and endeavour to bite off people's flesh from people's bones? Do you not know, as yet, that it is a most hateful trick to embroider with atrocious lies and calumnies a droll and laughable story, told in a convivial hour? Do you not know, that, noting silly errors in the margins of books, is not robbing people of their moral characters, no more than of their guineas and half-guineas? Can't you, in short, carry on a war (and a ridiculous one too) without breaking the laws of hostility to an enemy, who never took, nor ever will take, any advantage of you, but what shall fairly be given him by your malice and tolongronery? Dear Jack, if you will have me be your enemy, be it so, and good speed to me! but let us be gallant enemies, that fight with their coats on, and not stripped to the skin, like ostlers and stable-boys. Let us pull each other's wig and cravat, if coming within grasp,

grasp, and even give each other a good rap on the knuckles, when either shall awkwardly present his clenched fist to the other's eye or nose; but let us not run a kitchen-spit into each other's guts about accents, or no accents, about idioms, or no idioms, about right-written verses, or wrong-written verses; and other such petty nonsense. I will take my oath of it, that your Letter to your Doctor is a very slovenly specimen of your skill in the art of writing letters to doctors: and had you to deal with an adversary less soft-livered than I, you would doubtless, by that same letter, have brought upon yourself a much sharper animadversion than mine are likely to be. You may possibly recollect a line of Quevedo, that says:

Tiene su velenillo cada mosca,

which I translate with some allowable latitude:

Some flies there are, that will make asses mad.

Quevedo's line is very pretty, though my translation of it is but so so: yet you will

will not do amiss to imprint both in your memory, in case you undertake to give the world another specimen of your skill in writing annihilating Letters to Doctors. Foul language, foul slander, foul calumnies, foul innuendos, foul rascality, Mr. Bowle, few folks will brook with that stoic indifference, with which I am apt to brook them. Nevertheless remember, good Jack, that Stoics, whatever they may pretend, will not have clumsy fellows tread upon their gouty toes ; and mostly repel such frolics, by wielding their crutches at the frolickers' pates. But let me leave off the friendly preacher, and resume the trifling critic, by telling you, that the words *acotan*, *magin*, and *lercha*, are words absolutely belonging to the Spanish language, though you deny it, by challenging me to prove it. What need have I to prove it ? Indeed, I would rather undertake to hop on my left leg from St. James to White-chapel, than set about proving every thing you are willing to deny when I assert ! Those three words, you will allow, were
spoken

spoken by Sancho Panza; and if they were spoken by him, it is incumbent upon you to prove, that Sancho Panza spoke Greek instead of Spanish. Yes, yes: prove you that, and prove it in such a forcible manner, as to carry conviction to my mind, and I will then submit to your opinion, that those three words have no right to claim a place in any Spanish Dictionary. As to the word *Lercha*, I own, that I know no more the meaning of, than a post: but no more do you, cousin John, as you declare in a *Note* to your Letter: and to tell you truth, I am vexed you never knew the meaning of it; for, if you had, 'tis probable you would, some how or other, have explained it in your Comment, or in your Letter: and I, that am not averse *ab hoste doceri*, as you seem to be, should thus have had the same obligation to you, that you to the gentleman, who gave you the meaning of the word *Jangueses*, which I know not to have been of your own finding out, though you set it down as such: and here, by way of parenthesis,

E

I will

I will tell you, that the only thing I learned from your Comment, was, the meaning of that very word *Jangheses*, which I had searched for in vain these many years. Instead, however, of inferring, as you absurdly do, that the academicians did right in not registering the word *Lercha* in their Dictionary, why did you not join with me in the wish they had, that we both might know what it meant? I know that you would give a good shilling, and even eighteen pence, to have it expounded; and I wish you may have your wish, that you may spare yourself a journey to *Lerici*, on a sleeveless errand: but, if you think, that a wish after that meaning is laudable in you, why do you find it blameable in me? Why do you tauntingly say, that, with regard to the word *Lercha*, I have left you in the lurch, when you, Mr. Editor and Commentator, who ought to have helped me to it, have left me in the same forlorn condition? And why, above all, do you face me down, that *Lercha* is no Spanish word, when, far from telling us to what other

other language it belongs, you cannot give us any thing about it, but an absurd conjecture, and would, if you could, derive it from a town in Italy, where Sancho Panza never was, and of course could not know whether the fishermen at *Lerici* string herrings by the gills or by the tails? Who ever was so much out of his way, as you have been on account of that same word *Larcha*? Mind me, dear Tolondron! Instead of falling out with me, about a word that neither of us can make any thing of, let us make a bargain, that the first of us who is so lucky as to stumble upon the meaning of it, shall honestly and christianly impart it to the other, and demand no more than a groat, or a tester, for his trouble. Am I not reasonable in proposing such a bargain? Let me only add for your information, that the word *Sardines*, linked by Sancho Panza to that of *Larcha*, does not mean *Herrings*, as you have translated: and, if you will open your ears wide, I will pour into them a piece of erudition, that will prove a jewel to you,

if ever you come to reprint your Comment with additions, as I am confident you will do to-morrow morning. The *Sardinas*, a name derived from the island of *Sardinia*, are fishes not half so large as *Herrings*, which, at a particular season, swim in large shoals about that island, as also (possibly in smaller shoals) along several parts of the Spanish coast. The Spanish fishermen, like those of *Sardinia*, catch as many of them as they can, salt them, stow them in barrels, or in that kind of baskets called by them *banastas*; and they are then sold about. Mr. Pennant, in his account of fishes, mentions the *Sardina*, and describes it; as I am credibly informed by that same gentleman, who gave you the note about the *Jangueses*. The common people in Spain, who are not such good naturalists as Mr. Pennant, by a great many yards, give, possibly with impropriety, the appellation of *Sardinas*, to the fishes called *Pilchards* in England: and I know this, because travelling through Spain in lent-time, I was many times obliged, whether I would or not,

not, to eat them with my bread at dinner for want of roast-beef. The *pilchards* go to Spain from Falmouth, where, if a fishmonger has informed me right, they are caught three times a year in different seasons. The *Herrings* likewise go to Spain in great quantities from Yarmouth and Leostoff, and are called by the Spaniards *Sardinas Arenques*, or *Arenques*, without the addition of *Sardinas*. Of these also, many a meal did I make, when travelling in that country; not seldom without a wish, that it had been in my power to metamorphose them into *Soles* and *Turbots*, fresh from the water. All this wonderful erudition, Mr. Bowle, I impart to you, not with a view to reproach you with ignorance, on account of your having translated *Herrings* for *Sardinas*; but merely to let you know, that I am more of a communicative disposition, than of a *diabolical nature*, though a native of Turin. Had I never been in Spain, I might, in point of *Sardinas*, be as ignorant as yourself, without thinking myself a bit the worse for want of such know-

ledge: but, since chance has stored me plentifully with it, and as I know that you are likewise desirous of being as good an Italianist, as you are an Hispanist, let me tell you further, that the Italians are one degree more happy than the Spaniards, on account of proper names for those fishes, as they call *Sardina* the *Sardina* of the Spaniards, *Aringa* the *Herring*, and *Salacca* the *Pilchard*. Here, Jack, here is erudition for thee to wallow in, in case thy Comment, as I said, comes to-morrow morning to a second edition! Say now that the Turinese are of a *revengeful disposition*, and of a *diabolical nature*!

You scold me again, Mr. Bowle, for having wished, that the Spanish Academicians had registered in their Dictionary all the rustic words used by Sancho and his wife, and you say with your customary wisdom, or, (as I phrase it) in your Tolondron way, that the *Academicians* would have had too much upon their hands, if they had paid particular attention to Sancho's lingo, and paid such a compliment to Madam Teresa,

But, pray Mr. Bowle, where did you learn to apologize for the omissions of others, or your own? How can we strangers come to understand every tittle in Don Quixote, as many of us wish to do, if Dictionaries forbear to pay such compliments and attention to the words of Sancho and *Madam Teresa*, as you scornfully and gallically title that respectable lady of the *Cascajo family*? Indeed I never wished, in my Spanish Dissertation, the Academicians to pay compliments to Sancho, to Teresa, to Don Quixote, or to any other imaginary being; but, as the readers of Spanish, and of Don Quixote in particular, are, and will always be, pretty numerous all over Europe, and even out of Europe, I only wished that the Academicians had, in the first edition of their Dictionary, not omitted one word to be found in that book; and I still wish and hope, that in due time they may do it, not in compliment to Sancho and his wife, but in compliment to the readers of Cervantes' work, without minding any Tolondron's opinion to the contrary; and I

wish and hope, furthermore, that in a second edition of their Dictionary, they may register every individual word in their language, no matter whether rustic words, cant words, or antiquated words, whatever you may wish in opposition to my wish. A good deal of this they have already done, as you, and I, and every other Tolondron knows, or may know: but *Quevedo* and *Gongora*, among their poets, they have as yet not gleaned with sufficient solicitude; and those are the two that I particularly wish to understand every word of. You have given a hearty horse-laugh at my honestly owning, that I find many passages in *Gongora* difficult, and, in your pretty Tolondron way, define him *an easy pleasing poet, who drank deep of the clear stream of Helicon, and is never obscure.* Laugh heartily, Jack, at a poor adept, that will be obliged still to travel many a weary mile before he reaches you in Spanish knowledge. Laughing drives away care, and is a mighty specific against the spleen: and you are so little addicted to exhilarate
your

your milt with it, that not a few of your neighbours are of opinion you will go melancholy at last, which would be a thousand pities: and, to make you laugh again, I will again say, that *Gongora's verses* puzzle me oftentimes, and set my Spanish at defiance, especially in his *Decimas*, *Letrillas*, and *Romances*, possibly because I never looked into any of his Commentators, *who*, as you affirm, *make him obscure by their absurdities*. Permit me, however, to say, that I will not, can not, ought not, to take your word without a pledge, when you say, that his verses give you no manner of trouble, and that you understand them well. The astrolabe of your mighty Comment has given me pretty exactly the altitude of your Spanish learning: and how could you, good man, understand *Gongora*, you, that are as yet so ignorant, as not to know, after being *fourteen years* employed in commenting Don Quixote, that Sancho never speaks any language but Spanish? *A otro*

Perro

Perro con este buesso, my good man; and away with your stories! The inhabitants of your parish may credit every word you tell them about your marvellous knowledge of this, and that, and t'other language: but Jack—I am none of thy parish!

TOLON-

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE THIRD.

*Metinks thou art a general offence, and every body should
beat thee.*

Shakespeare.

CASTING my eye askance on your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor while my breakfast was making ready, I find that you have for once been so very liberal, as to bestow upon me the appellation of *Fool* without any intricate circumlocution; an appellation, that, if you had not courageously resolved to give me, might in all probability have stuck to you *per omnia secula*, in virtue of that right, which Lawyers term *Antonomasia*.

And why did you favour me with such a free-gift? Because I have said in a Spanish dissertation, that “the verb *Deslucar*, “in the sense of *to cure of madness*, is not “to be found in the Spanish Dictionary,
“ though

“ though used by Cervantes in his Don Quixote.”

Falling a little too heavy upon that casual assertion of mine, you deny the truth of it in no very smooth English; that is, in the following words: “ *Deslocar*, to cure a man of being a *Loco*, or *Fool*, an explanation worthy of a *Loco* only, is *certainly not* to be found in Cervantes.”

This, my sweet Editor of Don Quixote, is a period of yours, faithfully copied from your Letter to your Doctor. But, friend John, how could you write it without first covering your face with a dish-clout, that your looking-glass might not reflect your blushes to yourself, if you blushed, as you ought, in the penning of it? You yourself, sweet John, a few lines after that period, have been so incredibly clumsy, as to transcribe immediately the very lines out of Don Quixote, in which *Deslocar* is used in the sense of *to cure of folly*, or, as you more laconically phrase it, *to cure a man of being a fool*. Cervantes’ passage, which I copy after your own transcript,

script, is this: "Temia Sancho si quedara, o no, contrahecho Rocinante, o *deslocado* su Amo, que no fuera poca ventura, si *deslocado* quedara."

I wish, Mr John Bowle, that after having transcribed this passage. your Tolondronship had favoured us with a translation of it. Understanding the second *deslocado* in the same sense you do the first, what glorious nonsense you would have made of it! But what you have not done I will be at the trouble of doing myself, if you give me leave. Taking both *deslocado*'s in the sense of *dislocated*, a translation ad literam of the passage would run thus.

"Sancho was doubtful whether, or no, Rocinante would be maimed, or his master *dislocated*: yet it had been lucky, if he had been *dislocated*."

Turn it which way you please, friend John, no other meaning than this will you be able to get from Cervantes' period, if you translate the second *deslocado* in the same sense that the first: and, if you do so, what is the passage, but downright nonsense?

nonsense? Poor Tolondron! Let me help you to the true meaning, which, such is your skill in Spanish, you did not even suspect, after I had given you a cue to it. You have called me *a fool* because I understand the passage, and I must of course call you *a wise man* because you do not even suspect your ignorance of its meaning, and thus return good for evil. I tell you then, that only the first *deslocado* means *dislocated, disjointed*. The second, as I said in my Spanish Dissertation, means *locado de loco*, in English *cured of folly, cured of madness*. Cervantes has here punned on the double-meaning, that the verb *Deslocar* has in Spanish. With that second meaning in your intellects, read now the passage over again, and the deuce is in it, if you do not understand it presently. Cervantes says, *it had been great good luck, if Don Quixote had been cured of his folly when unhorsed by a hard push of his enemy's lance that put his bones in danger of dislocation*: but you, not knowing the double-meaning of the verb he made use of, because you could

could not find it in any of your dictionaries, passed silently over the period in your Comment, and omitted quite the verb *deslocar* in either meaning, in your indexes of Cervantes' words, in order to get out of the difficulty. A pretty Commentator you, and a cunning Index-maker! Nor do you reply, as you have done in a note, that Shelton has translated the period in a sense totally different from what I give it; as such a poor shift will only make your tolondronery more and more conspicuous. Shelton, and the other English translators, could not translate a pun, because the English language has not a verb equivalent to the Spanish verb, and expressive of two meanings quite distant from each other: therefore Shelton, and the other translators, turned the passage without the pun, as they could not do what cannot be done: but the duty of a Commentator goes a few steps beyond that of a Translator, if you give me permission to inform you. The Commentator's duty is, to point out the passages

passages in his author, that are not quite obvious, as in the present instance, and explain them clearly. Have you done so in your farraginous Comment with regard to this? No. Have you done it in your letter to the Divinity-Doctor? No. There you called me *a Fool*, for having in my Spanish Dissertation told you the second meaning of the verb in question: and how could you be so monstrous dull, as not to take my hint towards clearing up to yourself the passage of your author? But such are your most acuminated powers of penetration, that it is an even wager, whether you will be able to perforate the period, and see clearly through it, even now that I have pointed out and explained the pun to your worship. Should that be the case, I will own myself *a Fool* of the very first magnitude, for attempting to make Mr. Bowle comprehend any thing, though ever so easily comprehensible.

But, a-propos of the verb *deslocar*, who told you that, in the signification of *to dislocate*, or in any signification, it is an

anti-

antiquated verb? I am sure, that neither Covarruvias, nor any other Spanish lexicographer, calls this verb an antiquated one. How came you then to affirm what you have no authority for affirming? You would have been right, if you had said, that *deslocar*, in the sense of *to dislocate*, is used by the generality; and that the few who affect to speak with courtly elegance, say *dislocar*: but what can my Tolondron know of these niceties, and of such jemmy distinctions, whereof he never had the least idea?

Having now settled this matter as well as it could be settled, I must go on with some other word that my Tolondron does not cleverly understand; previously asking the reader's pardon, if I prove a little tedious; as no scribbler can help fatiguing a reader, when discussing such trifles, as the meaning of words, and expounding petty passages of this and that author.

Mr. Bowle asks me with an erected comb, "In what noddle did it ever

F

" enter

"enter that *acostumbrada* signifies *calle*, a
"street?"

See, madam, how a poor fellow foolishly unveils his ignorance of a language he would make people believe himself a great master of! But let me, with a dejected comb, ask him in my turn: How do you, Mr. Jack, explain the following words of the galley-slave in your own edition of *Don Quixote*? "Este hombre honrado và por quatro años a galeras, haviendo paseado (Cervantes wrote *passeado*) las *acostumbradas* en pompa y a cavallo?" If *acostumbradas* does not mean *streets*, what does it mean? Cucumbers? Mince-Pies? Poached-Eggs? Do, tell us what it means?

I will not be at the trouble of looking into *Shelton*, *Jervais*, *Motteux*, or any other English translator, to see whether they have translated *streets*, or *cucumbers*: but, that it means *streets*, I will prove with an authority nearer at hand, and altogether an authority of such irrefragability, that

Mr.

Mr. Bowle himself will admit as a most excellent one without the least hesitation. And what authority is that? Shall I tell it, or shall I not? Yes, I will tell it, were I to undergo the strappado. Look into your own Comment, Mr. Bowle, and there you will find, that *You yourself are my authority*. Can I produce a better? There, Jack, there you will find, that you wrote with your own hand, and out of your own noddle, these three oracular words on that very passage—" *Acofumbradas*, quiza "*calles*"—that is; *acofumbradas*, perhaps *streets*. This quotation from your own comment, besides proving what I said, that *acofumbradas* means *streets*, proves also, that your noddle, as somewhat thicker than other folks' noddles, could not receive the meaning of that word at one blow: therefore you modified it with your foolish *perhaps*: but my noddle, less thick by a few inches than yours, admitted it at once without any salvo. Endeavour you to understand it so for the

future, Mr. Bowle, and leave off your *perhaps*, which are quite ridiculous in such clear cases as this. Nor do you come, in your absurd way, and artfully dropping the main point of the question, to tell me, that *acostumbradas*, being a cant word (as I assure you it is) the Royal Academicians were right in rejecting it from their dictionary, in spite of my contrary opinion. Such an attempt at retaliation would be but a very silly one, I assure you. The Academicians are not to be blamed, if in a first edition of so voluminous a work as their dictionary, they happened to leave that cant word out of it, along with many others: but, in another edition, it is most likely that they will not omit it, as they know, that the chief purpose of dictionaries is, to register all the words used by writers, that readers may have recourse to them, when they happen not to understand this or that. Having turned the leaves of that dictionary with a diurnal and nocturnal hand, during
the

the *fourteen years* you have been employed in the compilation of your mighty Comment, you ought to know that the Spanish academicians have not been so absurd, as to reject their cant-words from their work; and you know on the contrary, that they have transcribed into it almost the whole dictionary of those words, compiled by *Juan Hidalgo*. But shall I make so free, as to tell you how you came with your crest erected to assure me, that *acostumbradas* meant not *calles*? Your dull brains, when you commented upon that word, laid squat upon Cervantes' passage, and all the English translators were spread open before you, ready to help you to this and that meaning: No wonder, therefore, if you went within a *perhaps* of the meaning of it. But your hernious memory, happening to lose the bandage applied to it by those translators, down went that poor meaning when you wrote the letter to your Divinity-Doctor; and so, like a ruptured Tolondron, arro-

gantly asked me the silly question you asked. Do not so again, Master Johnny, and look before you jump, lest you break your nose again.

Still with too much arrogance by half, you tell me, that never any body, but myself, made the *sagacious discovery*, that *precios* means *años*, "years."

To convict you again of tolondronery, and still quoting you as my authority, I must tell you, that, in the first edition of *Don Quixote*, given by Cervantes himself in Madrid, and in the second, made in Valencia, both bearing the date of 1605, there is a passage, that runs thus: "Con-
"cluiose la causa, acomodáronme las e-
"spaldas con ciento, y por añadidura tres
"precios de gurras." The London Edition by Tonson has this passage in the same words, and so has that of Amsterdam, copied from it. But you, that know Spanish much better than me by a great many yards, leaning on another edition made in Madrid in 1608, and, not
under-

understanding the cant-word *precios* in the above period, substituted *años* in your own edition; and this you did silently, without apprising us with the cogent reasons, that induced you to prefer the reading of the third edition of Don Quixote, to the reading of the two first, and of many subsequent ones. A special Editor you, that will not conform to a text given by the author himself, and take the liberty to adopt another, possibly adulterated in other passages, as well as in this, that I have quoted, for the forcible reason, that you understand it not! But pray, master mine, Is your ignorance a sufficient warrant for your not conforming to a text? You may say, yes; but I say, no. You may however answer, in extenuation of your deviation from that text, that when you printed your book, you were not possessed of Don Quixote's *first edition*, and that you thought better to follow any other, than frustrate the world of your Herculean labours, most anxiously expected both in England and in Spain, by e-

very body, that has a nose in the middle of his face. But, good Jack, urge not solame an apology, lest I answer, that you tell not truth. You yourself, in a most unlucky hour, have tagged to your edition *the various readings* of the three first editions, and there informed us, that *the first and second* have *precios* instead of *años*. Will you ever have the effrontery to deny the evidence of those *various readings* given by your own self? How came you then stupidly to rail at my *sagacious discovery*, which was no discovery at all, except you call a *discovery* every little peep given to your silly Comment? The *sagacious discovery* was yours, who, not understanding the word *precios* in the two first editions of Don Quixote, had recourse to the third, which helped you out of your puzzle by the word *años*, whereof the signification is more obvious than the other, and to be found in any Spanish dictionary, which, unluckily for you, is not the case with the word *precios*. Let me tell it you again, Jack: Look before you jump, and suffer

to

to be advised, that henceforwards you must not be in a hurry in contradicting any thing I advance, lest I quote again yourself against yourself, to make your friend Mr. Smith laugh at you in his sleeve.

In spite, however, of my not-at-all-sagacious discovery of your infidelity to Cervantes' text, to which you had solemnly promised, in your *proposals* many years ago, you would most religiously adhere, let me not press very hard on your having preferred one edition to another, as, at the very worst, your reading *años* instead of *precios*, was but a peccadillo, to be washed off, as they say at Rome, with a spoonful of holy water. The story of the Knight and his Squire is not injured in the least by so trifling an alteration as that; and both heroes may still rove on about the Mancha in search of kingdoms and islands without any hindrance. I want not to triumph over so pitiful an adversary as poor John Bowle,

in

in good troth the most pitiful adversary that a man of literature could ever have stumbled upon. By convicting him of great and small mistakes, of great and small deviations from Cervantes' text, I only want to drive into his poor noddle, that he is as yet many furlongs from being the mighty Hispanist he has long taken himself to be; and I want to make him comprehend, if possible, that such a Tolondron as he, must not put too many petulant or fierce questions to me, if ever he resolves to write more letters to his Divinity-Doctor about Don Quixote, about Spanish language, or indeed about any other thing imaginable. Modesty and diffidence will, at all events, do him much more good, than fierceness or petulance, as, by the grace of God, we have two eyes as well as he, and can possibly cut a goose-quill much better than he can, whatever his own haughty tolondronery may make him believe, either in his cups, or out of his cups. I am
not,

not, as he says, *capable of saying any thing* :
 but I am more than capable to say, over
 and over, and prove it over and over too,
 that he had done originally much better
 to mind the improvement of his farm,
 than to meddle with Don Quixote, as he
 has done *por sus pecados* these twenty years
 past, to the great annoyance now of every
 body, that fortuitously happens to hear
 of it.

TOLON-

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE FOURTH.

*Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis
Ignavus adversum lupos?*

Q. Horatius Flaccus.

YOU assure me, good Mr. Bowle, and with the greatest gravity, that, among other innumerable faults and blemishes, my Spanish Dissertation has that of not being idiomatically written, that the diction of it is affected, and that it has furnished you with words and phrases you never had the luck to meet in twenty years almost daily reading.

To prove all these allegations effectually, what have you done? Oh the mighty Hispanist! Oh the formidable Critic! Oh the immense Tolondron! You have selected out of the Dissertation *one word*; and *two phrases*, none of them half as long as your little finger; and woe to me, if you had thought of pitching upon several

several dozen as big as your thigh! One of those two phrases is, the proverbial one *de cabo en rabo*, which you will have to be no better, than an Anglicism, because it so happens, that the English say likewise *from head to tail*.

But to what purpose, poor John, have you studied Spanish these twenty years and upwards, when you mistake for an Anglicism, as good an Hispanism as ever was born? You Muses, Nymphs, Dryads, Hamadryads, or what you are, of the Guadix and the Guadalquivir, come to assist me on this pressing occasion, and, if not prose, give me verse sufficient to convince this Tolondronissimo, that the phrase *de cabo en rabo* is loudly echoed morning, noon and night, along the banks, that keep your crystalline waters from overflowing in dry weather! Huzza! My prayer was heard at this great distance from Spain, and granted so compleatly, that I see verses enough to pick and choose for authorities, dancing and skipping all about me! Here they are the pretty things,

things, and each one written in a genuine Spanish hand. Will you believe me, Master John, that here I have them all before my eyes; or will you put me to the trouble of transcription, *imposed on*

Believe thee, Turinese? No, to be sure! Never will I believe a Turinese as long as I live! Prove away, prove away without any further ado! Quote authorities, I say; or I will swear, that thou tellest nothing but damned lies.

Jack, you are not goodnatured, indeed, by talking to me in this strain: Yet you are right. I have sworn, (and if I have not, I swear now) that I will never take your affirmation without a pledge: therefore you have a right to demand the same of me. I love fair dealing 'tween man and man, as much as I do apple-tarts and petty-patties; and black upon white is a better security than bare words: therefore I will do here what is generally done on similar occasions; that is, I will produce my authorities, and from such illustrious Spanish writers, that you shall not easily challenge

challenge as not sufficiently classical, though you may possibly not find them on the shelves of your library, as I did not see them in the catalogue of the books, with which you decorated your Edition of Don Quixote.

You say, Mr. John, that in the course of twenty years, among other Spanish Authors, you have read *Ribadeneira's Flos Sanctorum*: but have you ever read that other work of the same Author, entitled *Flos Stultarum*? *Ribadeneira*, in a short *Zarzuela*, entitled *El Editor sin seso*, makes *Mariposa*, a coy *Gitana*, or Gypsy, ask the *Gracioso* this question:

"Como llamas a este cero

"De cabo en rabo majadero?"

To which the *Gracioso* answers:

"Preguntas por el Bolocho

"De cabo en rabo tonto y tocho?

"Maldito èl si yo lo sé:

"Púparo, péparo, paparé."

And here, as a *marginal note* tells us, the *Gracioso* kicks about, and cuts a great many capers.

Have

Have you any thing to say to this quotation from your beloved *Ribadeneira*? Now for another from the facetious *Chufleteneira*, who, in his second book, chapter the second, page the second, column the second, and line the second, (you see I can be as exact as you in my quotations) speaking of a ball given by the *Alcalde* of *Mofadilla*, upon occasion, that one *Juan Bolo* was chosen *Mosen*, or Vicar of that *Aldeguela*, registers a lively *Xacara* that was sung and danced by the boys and girls admitted to partake of that feast.

The *Xacara* runs thus :

Cantan las Mozas ; that is, *The Girls Sing*.

" Vaya vaya de *Xácará*,

" *Gallardos Zagalejos*,

" Si fois los buenos páxaros

" Que pareceis de lejos :

" Cantad y bailad,

" Bailad y cantad

" De nuestro *Mosén Bolo*

" *Chichirichólo*,

" *Chichirichón*,

" De cabo en rabo *Tolondrón*.

Cantan

Cantan las Menas; that is, the Boys sing.

- " Vaya vaya de Xácara,
- " Taimadas Rapazuelas:
- " Llevad con garbo pícaro
- " Al aire las chinelas:
- " Cantad y bailad,
- " Bailad y cantad
- " De nuestro Mosen Bolo
- " Chichirichólo,
- " Chichirichón,
- " De cabo en rabo Tolondrón."

These two quotations, Mr. Bowle, ought to satisfy you quite with regard to the legitimacy of my phrase: but, as I am of a liberal, rather than of a *diabolical* nature, as you would make me believe I am, here goes another quotation out of the heroic poem, entitled *El Comentador Charlatan*, lately published by Don Lope Bufonadaneira, who calls himself *Muñidor de la devota Cofradia de los Trubanes Manchegos y Estremeños*. Thus does this great Epopeian describe his principal hero, a haughty *Presbiterillo* called *Juanito Bastarduco*, in the second stanza of his second Canto:

G

" No

- " No sé si su Mercedes es hembra, o macho,
- " Eunuco, hermafrodita, o cuero, o bota :
- " Si sabe a Inglés, a galgo, o a moharracho,
- " Si es olla hendida, o calabaza rota :
- " Si tiene tiña, o farna, o si vá gacho ;
- " Ni si es zago de iglesia, o de picota :
- " Si lleva, o no, por calavera un nabo ;
- " Mas sé, que es Charlatan de cabo en rabo,

My dear Mr. John Bowle, believe me when I tell you, that I could, if it were necessary, give you a surfeit of such classical authorities as these, for my phrase *de cabo en rabo*, and without stirring an inch from my writing-table. Dream therefore no longer of my having coined it myself, and ask me not where I have been *groping* for that other phrase *así así*, for the word *diantre*, or for any other employed in my *Spanish Dissertation*. Whoever understands Spanish, will find the above quotations apposite enough : but the task would be endless, were I punctually to answer every idle question you may put to me, and adduce authorities for all the words I use, that are unknown to you. You must besides consider, that
these

these my fooleries are to go to you by the same road, that yours came to me; that is, by means of the press; and some crabby reader might possibly blame your indiscretion in thickening interrogatories upon interrogatories on me, and likewise, find fault with foolish me for my tameness in suffering you to do so over and over: therefore, let me prudently avoid these two dangerous rocks, and only take upon me to set you right here and there; explain to you this unknown word, and that phrase unknown, and do for you such other petty jobs occasionally, as Christians do now-a-days for other Christians, when they see them hardly pressed by dire necessity: but to pay at sight all the bills you may draw upon me for large sums of words and phrases, would be to teach you Spanish over again; and that I cannot do now, that age has rendered your noddle as hard as mine, and that your Comment and Letter to your Doctor have convinced me of your sluggishness in learning languages. Study Spanish

twenty years longer, Mr. Bowle, and the *dianthe* is in it, if at last you do not learn it *afsi afsi!*

After this good piece of advice given you without fee or reward, I must beg of you not to go any more to inform the world, that I was *bred in Lybia*, where *Serpents gave me suck*, as this is one of those secrets I would not have divulged in any of these three kingdoms, wherein it is still a secret. It is true, I said somewhere, that *proneness to cruelty is inherent in man*, without meaning such men as Mr. Bowle, who has not the least spice of cruelty in his whole composition; but meaning only man in general, when left to himself, and to his nature not corrected by education.

What made me advance that position, which is far from being an uncommon, or an acute one, was the most obvious notice one may take every day of uneducated children of all ages and sizes, who will wantonly kill flies and earwigs; put out the eyes of sparrows and finches; tie a bladder

bladder or a log to a cur's tail to make him run to the devil; apply a red-hot poker to a cat's paw, when she sleeps by the fire-side, to make her make room for those that want to warm themselves; drive oxen furiously along crouded streets, to procure themselves the pretty diversion of seeing men gored, and women tossed up high; or, like the Barcelona Boys in Don Quixote, put sily a handful of furze under an afs, or lean horse's rump, that, by kicking and bouncing, they may endanger the necks of their riders, etcetera, etcetera.

The notice of such or similar tricks, that any man who has two eyes, or even only one, may take every day in the week in many parts of this world, made me unwarily lay down the above position, on which you chanced, I know not how: and as you are always very humane and good-natured to me, you made this very kind Comment upon it for my instruction: *God forbid that it should be so, and depend upon it, that it is not so. Could the most savage beast upon*

the mountain ope his jaws, and howl articulately, where could he find fitter words to bring down human nature to a level with his own?

I need not by this time, gentle she-reader, tell thee, that this ingenious kind of allegory of the *savage beast*, means an humble servant of thine, who, in the days of yore, was far from disdaining the touch of such ruby lips as thine; and what will you say, you studious lads, to whom I give all the books I can spare, when I inform you, that a few lines after my luckless position is termed a *damnable position* by this Jack, who can sometimes *howl articulately* as well, as any *savage beast on the mountain*? And how can I, my boys and my girls, after this specimen of such a Jack's philosophy and philanthropy, set cheerfully about teaching him Spanish, Italian, French, English, or any other good thing?

However, *quod dixi, dixi*; and I will say it again, that, now and then, I will take the trouble of setting him right, when I see him shamefully or ridiculously wrong.

and here and there explain him a word or phrase: but to teach him *da capo*, (as musicians say) as if I had nothing better to do, would be like an attempt to drink the ocean dry. He may have, as he says, what I have not a drop of, a full hoghead of the *milk of human nature* running in and out at his *sistole* and his *diastole*; and, of course, shudder, and be horribly shocked, at my *dammable positions* and *diabolical doctrines*: but, for all his courting and coaxing me at this rate, I cannot undertake to teach *da capo* such a milky philosopher, as his tolongdronship shews himself, whenever the marginal notes haunt him like hobgoblins.

To tell the truth, Mr. Bowle, you are somewhat more milky, and sugary too, when you anatomize my Portuguese learning, and there you say of me *muita coisa boa*. Indeed I never said, or extogitated, that I ever knew more Portuguese, than what could help me once through the *Lusiada* of Camoens, which, however, I own, I never had Bluteau enough to understand so well, as I do the French *Telemaque*. Far

from parading away with my Portuguese, as you do with yours, I only dropped a few words of it in the short account I gave of my crossing a part of Portugal, as I happened to hear them from my chaise-drivers, and a few other folks. You, Mr. Bowle, with *Father Bluteau's Dictionary* in your hands, are pleased to inform me, that two or three of those words are not Portuguese, and make a fuss about it (taking even advantage of some error of the press) as if the Scythians and Parthians had just landed at Brighthelmstone, and were advancing to besiege Lewes, or Croydon. But, good Jack, if those words give you any uneasiness, diminish your appetite, or interrupt your sleep, on account of their not being spelt the right way, I have no objection in the world to your correcting them in the margin by the help of your *Father Bluteau*. The exemplary of my *Travels*, which you have bought with your own money at the bookseller's where once we met, belongs to you as much as your garters; and you may burn it, or correct it,

it, as you like best. Suppose you only correct it, we shall then be quit on the score of *marginal notes*, as by your corrections you may vex me full as much, as you chose to be vexed at mine: In this case, however, you may let go untouched the chaise-driver's phrase, *En esta tierra suran todo*, which means, *In this country they steal every thing*. It is true, as you most generously condescended to inform me, that *to steal* is in Spanish *hurtar*, and in Portuguese *furtar*: but let me inform you, that *surar* is also used in some of the Spanish provinces, and I dare say in some of the Portuguese. The chaise-driver who spoke that sentence, was, in all probability, neither a native of Castille, nor of Estremadura; and it is a thousand pities I forgot to ask him of what province he was, which would have been an important piece of information to my reader: yet depend upon it, that I took down with my black pencil in my memorandum-book those words, exactly as he spoke them: therefore you will certainly commit a great sin,

if

if you change the *suran* into *huran*, or *fur-
tab*, either with a *tilde*, as I write it, or, as
you do, with a *circumflexo*, *furao*. Not to
prove unthankful for your Portuguese
furtar, and your Spanish *hurjar*, I will tell
you in return, that the same verb *furtar* is
also an antiquated Spanish verb, and that
you will find it as such, not in the Acade-
mical Dictionary, nor in Covarruvias, nor
in Ribadeneira; but in many old Spanish
books, that in particular entitled, *Las Siete
Partidas del Rey Don Alfonso el Sabio*,
wherein if you turn to the *Setena Partida*,
Titulo XIII. you will find the same *Titulo*
beginning with these words: *Furtar lo
ageno es malfetria, que es defendida a los omes*;
that is, *To steal other people's goods is a crime
forbidden to men*: a text that, if you had
thought of when you invented the story
of the stolen watch, would have proved to
you a text of gold, as it would have come
quite pat to your purpose. By the bye, as
I find by the catalogue of your books, that
you have that of *Don Alfonso*, I exhort you
to read it more than you have done *Don
Quixote*;

Quixote : and I assure you, if you ever come to understand it well, you will reap greater advantage from that, than you did from the other, because Don Quixote makes people good-humoured ; and that is what you'll never be : but Don Alfonso makes people honest ; and that is what you ought to be.

Not to digress too widely, and returning to your making *notes* in my *margins*, as I did in *yours*, you have my full permission to blot the last *e* in the word *Borracho*, and to put an *a* in the stead, and make it *Borracha*, which, as you say (and you say right) is the true Spanish name of that *leather-bag* so much used all over Spain to keep wine in. Recollect, however, that when I made so free as to call it *Borraebo*, I was writing English, not Spanish : and as the English call it *Borracho*, I called it *Borracho* too. I know full well, that you, who are a scrupulous linguist, and want to promulgate such a notion through your parish, would in my case not have missed the opportunity of rebuking your country-

men

men as you do me, for their abominable transformation of a Spanish feminine into an English neuter, and gone even so far, as to wish for a motion in parliament to have it enacted into a law, that “ In conformity to the Spanish language, the subjects of this realm be henceforwards compelled to say and to write *Borracha* instead of *Borracho*; and furthermore, that this same nasty *Borracho* be transported for life to Africa, or any other of his majesty’s plantations.” But, Mr. Bowle, I, that am not quite so fond as you of teaching nations how to speak their respective tongues, and choose rather to err with them, than be right with you, and hate besides all ostentatious pedantry and parade of trifling knowledge, will continue to write *Borracho* in English, and save my *Borracha* for my next Spanish Dissertation, or whatever it may be, notwithstanding any Jack’s protest to the contrary: and so will I likewise do with regard to the word *Comment*, which I will never call *Comento*, as you fillily do when writing English:

lish: see the *Comento*; as I said in my *Comento*, and so forth. Strut away, Jack, and let the universe be apprised of thy vast scientificalness! Teach nations, thou that art equal to the *great undertaking*, and simper prettily at me for looking upon myself as only a *tolerable adept* in Spanish! But, what can I do, if the unlucky star I was born under, made me *ab incunabulis*, so confounded modest, that I never dared to advertise myself as a giant in that tongue, to be seen, at a shilling a head, in the large room over the New Exchange! Would you believe it, milky master Jack, that on presenting a few of my most intimate friends with my *Spanish Dissertation*, most of them stared at it, as at the oddest meteor? and why! because none of them had ever suspected my having sufficient cleverness that way, and capability to write so many Spanish pages. And it was likewise a mere accidental dispute, that induced me to let some folks know, that I was not quite so ignorant of that tongue as they supposed. True it is, that you find that Dissertation
 little

little better than a long string of anglicisms, for the cogent reason that you have been these twenty years incessantly reading Spanish, yet could not make out many lines in it: but, be the Dissertation a string of Anglicisms, or Madagascarisms, take this from the Author of it, that you will do yourself no mischief at all, to bring yourself a few pegs down in your high opinion of yourself; as it is a maxim pretty generally received in the literary commonwealth, that all Boasters are Tolondrons of no small magnitude. Were it true, as I apprehend it is not, that in point of languages you are a second Father Finetti, still your talking somewhat smaller, than you have hitherto done, will give you no cholick, nor indigestion: and to tell it you at once without mincing the matter, I should be much ashamed, if, in three or four months teaching, I had not put more Spanish into the heads of my two young gentlemen, (you know whom I mean) than you have gotten into your noddle during the twenty years incessant reading

reading of your *Covarrubias* and your *Ribadeneiras*.

Your eternal bragging of your deep skill in this, and your deep skill in that, being but ridiculous tolongroneries in you, I scruple not, as you see, to make game of them, and expose them in the ludicrous language of comedy and farce. But to be a moment serious, what shall I say of that paltry malevolence you are so unguarded as to betray about my pension? Every body, that knows any thing of me, knows that, during many years, I have done what I could to throw my little mite into the immense stock of English literature, and would have done more, if my short abilities had permitted. For the little that I have done, your country, which, in bestowing rewards, looks more on her innate generosity, than on people's merits, has bestowed enough upon me, to make my old age easy and comfortable, God be blessed for it: And you, good Mr. John Bowle, you arraign her for it? I will easily agree with you, that from

all

all my writings you never learnt what was worth the thousandth part of a half-penny ; and that may likewise be the case of many other bodies : However, your contribution, as a subject, towards my easy and comfortable existence, amounting possibly to less than even the thousandth part of a half-penny, how can you boast of having *the milk of human nature* flowing à gros bouillons in your veins, when you grudge it me, and objurgate your noble nation for having taken so invisible, so incomprehensible a part of your property from you, to bestow it upon me, when, as I am informed, you enjoy under her protection the use of much more money, than you know what to do with ? Fie upon you, and your natural milk, Mr. John Bowle ! How can you utter the humane sentiments of Terence, as if they were your own, and in the same breath vomit the most inhuman ones against your beneficent country ? Be guilty of such paltry malevolence no more, my milky master ; and, as you know I am on the brink of
seventy,

seventy, comfort yourself in secret, that I cannot keep you long out of your thousandth part of a half-penny, as men so aged have but a short race to run.

But let me hasten away from those paragraphs, wherein you shew yourself in the aspect of a Yucatan-alligator, rather than of an English citizen. To insist any longer on them, would prove with a vengeance, my *damnable position* to be true, that *man, unassisted by education, is a cruel being*. From those nasty and hateful paragraphs, let us turn to those absurd and ridiculous ones, the exposition whereof may draw from my readers smiles and laughter, rather than contempt and detestation.

In one of those absurd and ridiculous paragraphs you fall upon me with great fierceness, and appear superlatively enraged at the imperfect account I gave in my travels of the editions of Covarruvias' *Tesoro*; alias *Dictionary*. There I unfortunately said, that I had seen only *two* of those editions; and you put yourself in a

H

passion,

passion, because I have not seen *three*. To appease you, my milky man, I fall down prostrate at your feet, and confess with the utmost contrition and attrition to *Vuestra Reverendissima*, as if you were the Pope's first Penitentiary, that I have been so wretchedly sinful when on my travels through Spain, as never to have seen but *two* of those editions; *two*, and no more. *Vuestra Reverendissima* informs me now, that the Bookseller's Catechism, the only orthodox book I ought to look into, says plainly and intelligibly, that *the editions of Covarruvias' Thesoro are three*, and not *two*, as my heretical and profligate eyes had taught me to believe, when on my travels. Ten thousand thanks from my heart's bottom to *Vuestra Reverendissima* for his soul-saving information; and be your *Reverendissima* sure and certain, if you will, but for this once, pronounce an *Ego te absolvo*, that henceforwards I shall truly and sincerely believe the editions of that dictionary to be *three*, and not *two*, what-

ever

ever my wicked eyes may hear preach, or report to the contrary.

Full as wise is your prolix talk about the same Covarruvias, when you say, that *in my Travels* I have exalted him, and depressed him *in my Spanish Dissertation*. I said in my travels, that Covarruvias was a very learned man, and a respectable Etymologist, so far as I could judge by a cursory look given to his book with the hurry of a Traveller: and this was not setting him at the very top of the house. Then, at another period of my life having had occasion to inspect that same book at leisure, I disapproved of his incessant endeavours to trace even the most common words from the Greek and the Hebrew, when he could easily have found them nearer home: and is this sending him down from the garret to the cellar? In the Dissertation I produced two or three examples of his so doing, which I thought sufficient to the purpose I had then in hand: But how did my so doing depress him, and destroy his character as a man of very

extensive learning? Where is the sinful contradiction of my two assertions? Does not the second, as well as the first, characterise him as a man possessed of Greek and Hebrew, which in English implies *extensive learning*? Jack, Jack, thou art but a sorry caviller, and hadst better to eat beef and plumb-pudding on Sundays, than play the critic any day in the week! But, suppose that I had fallen even harder on the *Señor Don Bastian*, had I said half so much, as *Quevedo*? You, that have impinguated your *Comento* by transplanting into it thousands of Don Bastian's words along with their definitions, are ridiculously persuaded, that you have been stringing up Oriental pearls: but *Quevedo*, who understood him certainly somewhat better than you, passed just such a judgment upon him in his *Cuento de Cuentos*, as *mutatis mutandis*, I pass upon that silly work of yours. These are *Quevedo's* words: "Tambien se há hecho tesoro de la lengua Española, donde el papel es mas que la razon. Obra grande, y de erudicion defalínada."

“*desfaliñada.*” That is : *A vast number of Spanish words has Covarruvias boarded up : but his work is not worth his paper. A large work ; but full of slovenly erudition.* Don Balthasar de Acevedo, in his queerly-written *Censura*, prefixed to the Academician’s Dictionary, having taken notice of the immoderate use made by the same Academicians of *Covarruvias’ Tesoro*, and obliged not to disapprove them, would make us believe, that Quevedo said, “*por gracejo*” by way of shewing his wit, what he said of that *Tesoro* : but, I am not quite of his opinion, and take Quevedo to have literally said what he thought, without mincing the matter at all, and his words admit not of *Acevedo’s* interpretation.

In some parts of my Travels I said, that the Biscayan Dictionary of *Father Laramendi* bears the title of *Trilingue*, because it runs in Castilian, Biscayan, and Latin ; and you take me severely to task for so saying, as if I had again been guilty of a second heresy, as big as the other about two and three. But the

reasons of your contrary assertion are conveyed in so strange a gibberish, that I cannot absolutely find out what you would be at. What do you mean, when you reply in confutation, that Laramendi's work is entitled *Diccionario Trilingue*, which is neither more nor less, than what I said? If you agree with me on this point, what is it, that you find fault with? Is it my having written *Laramendi* with a single *r*, instead of *Larramendi* with two *rr*'s? If this is all your objection, correct that my great error by the addition of another *r*, without any anger, and be satisfied with my humble thanks for your having corrected my English pronunciation of that Lexicographer's name with your more exact Biscayan pronunciation, and so far, done me a monstrous deal of good: and if my humble thanks are not sufficient expiation for my crime, take away the *r* from my own name, and put it to that of the good Jesuit, without any further snarling and barking at a shadow. Can I do more to please you, than give you leave to call

me

me henceforwards *Baetti* instead of *Baretti*? I thank you likewise for having informed me, that the Dictionary of Father *Larramendi*, with two *rr*'s, preceded his *Grammar* by sixteen years, as such an important point of literary chronology would probably have been for ever beyond the reach of my intellects without your charitable assistance, as I have neither of the two works in my possession, and could not of course have compared the dates of them at bottom of their Title-pages. Indeed, I had only said, if you had been willing to take exact notice of my words, that next the Dictionary of the Biscayan language, the Grammar of it, as far as I knew, was the most considerable work in it: but this you deny with great wrath, not by apprising me, that there are works in that language *more considerable* than that Grammar, but by informing me, that *the Dictionary preceded the Grammar by sixteen years*: a piece of information of such Colossal magnitude, that I shall certainly place it in my gallery of Biscayan

Antiquities, and never lose sight of it as long as I can make use of both my eyes. Faith, Mr. John, you have here, I own, displayed your immense knowledge, and exposed my immense ignorance with such immense wit and ingenuity, that it would now be hopeless to deny your being able to read the dates of the books you have, in their title-pages.

I could nevertheless wish, Mr. John Bowle, that you would forbear to rally me at the rate you do, for having mentioned the five Dialects, into which the Biscayan language is divided, and not congratulate the Biscayans so heartily, for my having, with the few lines I bestowed on that subject, *enabled them*, as you say, *to enter into trade with other nations*. This your first attempt towards sprightliness and jocularitv, puts me in mind of the Ass in Æsop, that bounced in his master's lap, to shew he could play as prettily as little Pompey. How vivaciously, dear Tolondron, you expatiate on my total ignorance of the Biscayan Tongue, which,

which, as it is well known, though you keep it a secret, you have at your finger's end ! But in the name of common sense, what had Doctor Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the bad Painters of Italy, and our Royal Academy to do with the five Biscayan Dialects, with the Biscayan Dictionary, with the Biscayan Grammar, and with the Biscayan name of Father Larramendi with two rr's ? Will you be so milky, my good Tolondron, as to inform me why you jumbled them all together, and created that chaos of nonsense you have created by that strange hodge-podge ? I almost suspect, that you want to recommend yourself by it to our Royal Academy as their *Secretary for the Foreign Correspondence* immediately after my death, as you have so eagerly embraced that opportunity to apprise the President and Members of it, that I fill that post unfitly, on account of my *total ignorance* of foreign languages. But a word in your ear, *Monsieur de Tolondron*. If that is the blank you aim at, I tell you, between friends,

friends, that you will not hit it. Look into the English Chronicle, Nov, the 12th of this same year 1785, and you will find that you have been too slow in your application. Another Tolondron, that aims at my emoluments, already corresponds with the Public as a *Volunteer Secretary to the Academy*, and informs us at large, in her name, that the Italian Members of the same Academy; that is, Messieurs Cipriani, Bartolozzi, Carlini, and Rigaud; are *shameless, indecent, partial, ungrateful Members of it, and of no abilities; depreciators of English merit, without honour, principles, or decorum; a paltry insidious Junto and Faction; scandalous, malevolent, malignant, envious, despicable, and always to be viewed with indignation, while there is a spark of dignity in the human heart.* Mr. John, match me such a Pindar for Billingsgatal flights, if you can! There is epistolary sublimity, magnificently dressed in the resplendent robe of poetry? And do you think, you poor, creeping, lousy Jack, fit only to write wretched prose-letters to Divinity
Doctors;

Doctors; do you think, that when I am gone, the Royal Academy will choose you in preference to this brave volunteer, to succeed me in that Secretaryship? Lower your pretensions, you dull Mr. John Bowle, and dismiss all your hopes at the sight of so formidable a Concurrent, of a Candidate of such terrible abilities and expectation! Not a doit would I give you for your chance, (when I am dead especially) as it is a most notorious fact, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Mr. West, Mr. Peters, Mr. Cofway, Mr. Wilton, and every other Academician, instead of endeavouring to add new honours to their country by taking indefatigable pains to raise the fine arts to the highest pinnacle, have thought of nothing else, ever since the institution of their body, but to encourage defamation and tolondronery to the utmost of their powers: and whatever Mr. Bowle's merits may be both ways, my Pindar will be the man, that shall carry all their votes for that Secretaryship *nemine contradicente*.

But what is that other information you impart me, that the Spanish adjective *Británico* ought to be written and pronounced with an *e*, *Bretánico*, instead of an *i*, *Británico*, because it comes from the Spanish substantive *Bretaña*? Is your *Borracho* empty already, Mr. Bowle, or is this another of your witty jokes? Yet, you look as sober and as grave, as a marmotte; therefore I must infer, that you are neither drunk, nor in a droll humour; and it is incumbent upon me to inform you in my turn, that your Etymologicon, as your ill luck would have it, is of a spurious edition, and you must get another, the sooner the better. To convince you of it, Mr. Jack Linguist, I give you notice, that the Italians say *Britannico*, not *Bretannico*, though this adjective is lineally descended from their substantive *Bretagna*: that the French say *Britannique*, not *Bretannique*, though this adjective derives its pedigree from their substantive *Brétagne*; and that the Spaniards say *Británico*, not *Bretanico*, though an adjective lawfully

lawfully born of their substantive *Bretaña*. Who the deuce, Mr. Bowle, ever told you, that the mouth of Madam Etymology is no more a pretty mouth, if the very least of its teeth happens to be somewhat loosened in the gum? Don't you you know, miraculous Hispanist, that the Spaniards do not think they break the nose of that same Madam Etymology, when they say *Castellano*, with an *e*, though that adjective of theirs be the eldest son of their substantive *Castilla* with an *i*? Burn the treaty, wherein you found your ridiculous *Bretánico*, Mr. Bowle, or make a present of it to some Brother-Pedant, if you choose not to burn it, and kick out of your library your *Aldretes*, your *Covarruvias*, your *Nebrixas*, and your *Ribade-neiras*, if they teach you no better Spanish than that comes to!

But, hush! Who comes here now to interrupt us? Pray, don't stir as yet, dear Tolondron; for it is only my old stationer, Mr. Inkbottle.

A short

A short Dialogue between Mr. Inkbottle the Stationer, and his Customer.

INK. Dear sir, I come to you on a very woful errand.

CUST. What is the matter, old friend? What has happened?

INK. To make short of the matter, sir, here I have brought you four Gentleman's Magazines, in which you are most frightfully abused, and I am heartily sorry for it.

CUST. Pshaw! Is that all? Never mind that, Mr. Inkbottle. That is a trick, that has been played me many times in my life: yet I am still alive and well; and nothing very frightful can be said of me now, that I have left off scribbling these five or six years.

INK. Ay, you grow fat of late, master; but I apprehend these four Gentleman's Magazines will make you lean again, or I am much mistaken.

CUST. That, indeed, may be, as I am apt to take such things very much at heart. However, leave the Magazines here, and if you hear of more in the following months, that abuse me, let me have them all.

[Exit Inkbottle, crossing himself.]

Now, Mr. Bowle—But where is he?
 Upon my word he has given me the slip,
 while I was talking to the stationer! No
 matter. It is now late, and I am sure I
 shall see him to-morrow early; and so,
 my readers, I wish you all well home.

Y
 O U, Mr. John Bowle, who have I
 know not how many pointers of
 milk (probably 8000 milk) mixed with
 your blood, were greatly concerned last
 night to see the old stationer so grieved,
 as hardly able to support his groans and
 his sob, which was your reason for look-
 ing away, lest you should be brought
 to weep by way of company: and indeed,
 you could hardly support a weeper's fall!
 alas! But you were too to doleful
 to notice an aspect in all your bow-
 as that of my good friend Mr. Johnson's!
 Now, I am sure!

TOLON-

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE FIFTH.

Nunquam scivisti quid sit vergogna, Gajoffe :

Coprit brutturas mascara nulla tuas.

Quando tuos meditor mores, incago bagassus,

Vergognam penitus quæ buttavere viam.

Dens tibi si caderet quoties mendacia proferis,

Jam tua non posset pans ganassa frui.

Merlinus Cocaius.

YOU, Mr. John Bowle, who have I know not how many porringers of milk (probably asses milk) mixed with your blood, were greatly concerned last night to see the old Stationer so grieved, as hardly able to suppress his groans and his sobs, which was your reason for sneaking away, lest you should be brought to weep by way of company : and indeed, *Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis ?* Alas ! alas ! Did you ever see so doleful dejected an aspect in all your born days, as that of my good friend Mr. Inkbottle ? Never, I am sure !

Let

Let me now inform you, milky Sir, of what the *four Magazines* contain, that you may know the quadruple motive the good man had for being so tenderly affected, as he was on my account, who have been these nine and twenty years his constant customer for pens, ink, paper, wafers, and almanacks, besides having been godfather to his daughter Peggy, lately married to an eminent bookbinder in Ave-Mary-lane. Sit you down in this easy chair, my milky Tolondron, and, as you have had, ever since you were but a scrubby boy, a most uncommon longing after odd and surprising stories, collect all the rays of your attention in a narrow focus, that you may not lose a single syllable of that, which I am going to tell: nor do you stir an inch from your seat, until I have done, if you will oblige me.

You must then know, dear Tolondron, that in those *four Magazines* brought me by the Stationer, there are *four Letters*, one in each, written by *four Authors*, with
 I whom

whom I really believe you to be as unconnected, as broomsticks are from brooms, though it may be true, that a broom can be a broom, even when connected with the broomstick.

What is most astonishing in this singular affair is, that each of the *four Authors*, thus unconnected with each other, has directed his own letter to the well-known *Mr. Urban*: and as a second accident would have it, each of the four has chosen me for the chief topic of his animadversion: and, accident upon accident, or wonder upon wonder! the style of each of the *four Letters* bears such a family-likeness, in point of bad English and good nonsense, to the *Letter* you wrote the Divinity-Doctor, that one would swear the four gentlemen and you were all born at a litter.

I should not, milky John, adhere strictly to truth, were I to say, that those four letters run in a panegyrical strain, as their Authors seem to delight no better than your milky self, in penning panegyrics upon

upon me. But, how can I help that, Mr. John Bowle? How can I, as the Spanish proverb has it, turn a mule's head to my neighbour's stable, if the stubborn beast will come to mine?

To keep you no longer in suspense, I will copy here for your perusal those *four Letters*, paragraph after paragraph, that you may judge (if I may so call them) of the pretty rascalities they contain: and I beg of you to help me, if you are at leisure to decide, whether or no, they were the genuine productions of four different Jacks, or of one Jack only, as Doctors still differ in settling this knotty point of criticism, which, I am afraid, will require a long and troublesome indagation, before it is adjusted to the mutual and full acquiescence of the contending parties. Let us then begin with the first letter, which is subscribed *Querist*.

GEN.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

July 1785. P. 497.

T E X T.

“MR. URBAN, if it is reckoned among
 “Doctor Johnson's foibles, that he be-
 “came apologist for *two culprits* arraigned
 “for *atrocious offences* at the bar of justice ;
 “that is Savage and Baretti, perhaps his
 “friends will not allow, that these *under-*
 “takings should be imputed to him as
 “blemishes in his character, but rather
 “considered as the mere effects of hu-
 “manity.

R E M A R K.

By this elegant, perspicuous, and long-
 winded period it appears, that this *Querist*
 wants to traduce the great Doctor John-
 son's memory : and to bring so good a
 purpose about, he begins his *undertaking*
 with the most notorious falsehood, that
 the Doctor *engaged in the undertaking*, of
 apologizing for *two culprits*, neither of
 whom had ever a word of apology from
 him.

him. Who, but a Tolondron, wants to be told, that Savage was *cast* and *pardoned*, not in consequence of any apology, but out of mere Royal Mercy? And as to the other culprit, he was *honourably acquitted*: of course, in no need of an apology, as a free dismissal from the bar is a much better apology, than any Doctor could make. I tell it you as a fact, Mr. Querist, that Barette was acquitted: and I will take my oath of it, for I was present at the trial myself in *propria persona*. But tell me, Master, why do you call the two unfortunate gentlemen by the opprobrious appellation of *culprits*? Have you too a porringer of asses-milk circulating in your body? And why do you term Barette's accidental misfortune an *atrocious offence*, when you know, that, after a trial of six hours, an *English Jury* found he had committed *no offence at all*?

T E X T.

“BUT let us consider *the circumstances*
 “under which the Doctor *is supposed* to
 “have composed the short speech, which

"Savage spoke before sentence was passed
 "upon him.

R E M A R K.

Dear Querist, what have you done with the *circumstances* the Doctor was *supposed* (I know not by whom) *to be under*; which *circumstances* I was *to consider*? I have read, and read again, this letter of yours from top to bottom, and a plague on the *circumstances* I can find in it! You had drank too much porter, when you folded your letter for Mr. Urban; and not knowing what you were about, forgot to enclose the *circumstances* in it. Pray fail not to send them in a soberer hour, because I want to *consider* them attentively. But who was the vile fellow that told you of the Doctor having composed *a speech* for Savage? Kick the rascal, that told it you; for he told you a shameful lie, as sure as your name is John.

T E X T.

"IT need not be mentioned what he
 "has offered in the life he wrote of that

" *unhappy man*, in extenuation of his guilt ?

R E M A R K.

Unhappy man, and *atrocious culprit*, don't agree very well : Yet we will let this pass without observation. But, milky Querist, read over again the Life of Savage, and you will find, that the Doctor has not *offered* in it a single syllable in *extenuation* of Savage's guilt. All that could be *offered*, was offered at the trial, and offered in vain ; for he was *cast* : and the Doctor related the *offered extenuations* with no Bowlean malice, but with his never-swerving veracity.

T E X T.

" Mankind will judge very differently
" in his case ; and the Doctor had no
" right to pass the judgment he has done
" upon the event of Sayage's trial.

R E M A R K.

What nonsense is this ? What *judgment* has the Doctor pass'd, or not pass'd, upon that trial ? Drink less porter, friend, if you will judge *of what mankind will judge*.

T E X T.

"Savage himself says, that his offence
 "was a *casual absence* of reason, and a sud-
 "den *impulse of passion*."

R E M A R K.

How does this ingenuous confession,
 made by Savage on his trial, any way in-
 validate any thing advanced by his biogra-
 pher?

T E X T.

"Dr. Johnson said, that Savage always
 "denied his being drunk, as had been ge-
 "nerally reported."

R E M A R K.

The Doctor reported what Savage said.
 Was he to say, that, whatever Savage
 might say, Savage was certainly drunk?

T E X T.

"How is this consistent with the *casual*
 "*absence of reason*, which Savage mentioned
 "at his trial, as an apology for his conduct."

R E M A R K.

If I comprehend well this bad English,
 Mr. *Querist* means, that there is a manifest
 contradiction in Savage's two assertions,
that he was not drunk when the fray happen-
 ed,

ed, and that he had then only a casual absence of reason. Yet, does his Tolondronship think, that no body, but when drunk, can have an absence of reason? The frigid villainy of this letter almost tempts me to think, that *Querist* was not drunk when he writ it: yet, is it not quite evident, that, when he writ it, though he may have been sober, his reason was not at home? But what has Savage done to *Querist*, that he falls so hard upon the poor man's memory? Savage wrote no *marginal notes on Don Quixote*, as far as we can judge by his *Life*: therefore *Querist* might as well have forbore abusing a poor fellow, who has now been many years in his grave. Simpletons! you do not see the cloven foot of Old Nick! All this wicked nonsense about Savage, is but dust Nicky throws in your eyes, that you may not perceive his drift. *Querist* wants to impeach Doctor Johnson's goodness and wisdom; well knowing, that one, who was a friend to that wise and good man, will never be thought wicked and foolish, whatever *Querist* may say: therefore
says

says *Querist*: let me first destroy *Johnson*; and I warrant you, that I shall soon annihilate *Baretti*. Not a fig do I care about *Savage*, continues *Querist*: but this *marginal Annotator*! Oh! if I could but see him scalp'd! If I could but cut off from his body one pound of flesh, and eat it raw! what a delicious meal that would prove!

T E X T.

“What *Dr. Johnson* said in behalf of *Baretti*, as it was taken down at his trial, is as follows.”

“*Dr. Johnson*. I believe I began to be acquainted with *Mr. Baretti* about the year 1753, or 54. I have been intimate with him. He is a man of literature, a very studious man, a man of great diligence. He gets his living by study. I have no reason to think he ever was disordered with liquor in his life. I never knew him to be otherwise, than peaceable, and I take him to be rather timorous.

“Q. Was he addicted to pick up women in the streets?”

Dr.

Dr. J. I never knew that he was.

Q. How is he as to eye-sight?

Dr. J. He does not see me now, nor do I see him. I do not believe he could be capable of assaulting any body in the street without great provocation.

R E M A R K.

If honest *Querist* had dared, he would here have impeached the Doctor's veracity about the character he gave me in the above deposition: but fearing Mr. Urban might smell a rat, and reject his anonymous letter, as a piece somewhat too rascally for publication, this is the way he goes to work.

T E X T.

Observe. The accusation was, that Barette had murdered a man by stabbing him; and it was in evidence, that he had stabbed two men, one of whom died of his wounds.

R E M A R K.

So far, so good! The period is very sweet and harmonious to Mr. Bowle's ear.

T E X T.

T E X T.

“What says Dr. Johnson in his defence?

“Mr. Baretti, says he, is a man of letters,

“and a studious man. He never picks up

“prostitutes in the street, that I know of.

“He is short-sighted, and so am I; and,

“I believe, would not assault a man with-

“out provocation.”

R E M A R K.

What could the Doctor say, besides this? He was not there as my advocate; but, along with several other gentlemen of the highest distinction in this nation, he came there to depose to my general character and way of life. He said upon oath what he knew of me. So did five or six of those gentlemen, whose friendship I had had the good fortune to merit by my good behaviour, not by my power, or my riches, as I was then poor and powerless, just as I am now. Some of them, namely the Honourable Mr. *Topham Beauclerk* and Mr. *Garrick*, with whom I had lived in intimacy long before I saw them at Venice, said what they had seen and heard of me

me there, and in other parts of Italy. Only five or six of them were questioned about me, and twice as many would have spoken in my favour, if the Court had not thought the five or six quite sufficient. Why does *Querist* omit the depositions of those five or six, and fasten singly on the Doctor's? The milky man knows why. So many favourable testimonials presented too large and too thick a front, for him to force his way through. Let us see what an expedient the pretty Rogue has recourse to, in order to invalidate the only one he pitched upon.

T E X T.

" This (deposition of the Doctor) puts
 " me in mind of the Dutch Printer's defence in answer to Milton's accusations.
 " You are a crafty knave, says Milton. But,
 " says the Printer, I am a good arithmetician. You fled from your creditors, says
 " Milton, for debt. But, says the Printer,
 " I publish tables of signs and tangents.

REMARK.

R E M A R K

We are told in *Don Quixote*, that Rosinante galloped once in his life; and so this fellow once in his life has shewn himself witty: but the misapplication of his pretty story in this place, renders it a mere piece of malicious buffoonery; and malicious buffoonery does not validate arguments, especially Bowlean arguments, that are neither in *baralipson*, nor in *frifesomorum*. The Doctor was asked this plain question: *What do you know of this man?* Was he to give no answer, or a Bowlean one? Was he to say, that he knew me but superficially, having dined with me *but twice* by great chance? That he never would be intimate with me, because he had found me to be *totally ignorant* of every thing? That I had no diligence, no industry, but in playing dogs' tricks to every body I could? That I was a notorious whoremonger and a bullying Tom, whether in liquor, or in no liquor? Was he to say, that, instead of living by literature, I lived by stealing watches? That I was such an

uncon-

unconscientious scoundrel, as to affirm the most iniquitous lies of the living and of the dead, no matter what their characters were, or had been? Was he to conclude, that, for all my pretending to be near-sighted, I had such a telescopic eye, that I could see a brother-rogue at a league's distance? Master Querist was not yet an Editor when I was tried. Woe to me, if he had been, and my life had depended on his single testimonial!

T E X T.

"When his defence of Baretti was mentioned to Doctor Johnson, the Doctor replied, *I was not alone in that affair.*"

R E M A R K.

No more he was, you blasphemous villain! How dare you, by this hellish innuendo make a Doctor Johnson charge himself with want of veracity and wilful perjury, and in the same breath accuse of the same crimes, half a dozen of the most respectable men in this land? Was ever such an Ourang-Outang among us?

T E X T.

T E X T.

"It was answered: Your conduct was
 "no better for that circumstance, unless
 "you would have been guided by your
 "fellow-deponents in every thing else.

R E M A R K.

This text is artificially dark, as the wicked Querist does not dare to speak quite intelligibly. Let us throw some light upon it, and give the meaning of it. You, Doctor, had *no good conduct*, says Querist, when you followed the dictates of your own conscience, and gave Baretti a good character, as some other gentlemen had done. You ought to have sided and agreed with those rogues, that asserted Baretti had assaulted their gang, whom you were to consider as your *true fellow-deponents*. This is Bowlean doctrine: but is it good doctrine? I am of opinion it is not.

T E X T.

"But Doctor Johnson's commiseration
 "for unhappy criminals was remarkable.

REMARK.

R E M A R K.

It was out of *commiseration* to be sure, that the Doctor did not join his testimonial to that of his *true fellow-deponents*, as Querist would have done without the least hesitation, having no notion of commiserating writers of marginal notes, that, right or wrong, ought all to be hanged. Pretty Bowlean doctrine, say I again.

T E X T.

“ And, as Doctor Johnson had success
“ in his operations on Savage’s account,
“ perhaps he might think, that a little
“ of his benevolence might save Doctor
“ Dodd.

R E M A R K.

Here is another innuendo on Doctor Johnson for commiserating Doctor Dodd, in whose favour he would have been willing to defeat the effects of justice, to shew his benevolence, if it had been in his power. But what were Doctor Johnson’s *successful operations* in favour of Savage? Did the Doctor save him from the dread-

K

ful

ful verdict? Poor Querist! He is raving, he is in a delirium of madness, whenever the marginal notes present themselves to his perturbed imagination!

T E X T.

"But the impunity of Savage and
"Baretti was not sufficiently edifying to
"the Public in its consequences, to au-
"thorise the same indulgence to the un-
"happy Divine."

R E M A R K.

I say it again, that the milky fellow is out of his senses. What need had Baretti of any *indulgence*; that is, of having *Royal Mercy* extended to him, as it was to Savage? Baretti was honourably acquitted to your own indubitable knowledge, you worthless Querist. What do you talk then, with regard to him, of *Royal Mercy* extended to him to the great scandal of the Public? Ay, you Criminal! You Culprit! Did you not blot Don Quixote's margins? And is not that blotting ten thousand times more *atrocious*,
I than

than murder and forgery ? What business had you to teach your pupils how to spell Spanish the right way ? To let them know, that I am a Tolondron ?

The reader is now at liberty to make further remarks on this fine Letter to Mr. Urban, and to judge whether or not the Ourang-Outang's skin is to go to Sir Ashton's Museum, in case Old Nick does not interfere. Whatever be the Reader's opinion on this head, I will here tell a little anecdote of Doctor Johnson, to corroborate the Ourang-Outang's assertion, that the Doctor would have saved Dodd, if it had been in his sole power so to do.

Doctor Johnson, as it is well known, was earnestly solicited by poor Dodd to write a petition for him to the King ; and complied with the solicitation. Being in a tête-à-tête with him, I begged of him to repeat that petition to me, as I knew he could, and *ad literam*, repeat any thing, that he had once written in good earnest. He did ; and, though that was not one of his highest performances, he spoke it in such

a tone, that my eyes glistened: and so would have the Reader's, had he been by. But, said I, (that wanted to know his real sentiments about every thing) were you called to advise the king in this particular case, would you advise him to extend his mercy to Dodd? *No, no*, replied the Doctor hastily, but solemnly. *As a private man it is certainly my duty to bewail the situation of a fellow-creature suddenly plunged in the gulph of wretchedness; nor do I think I act amiss by doing the little I can to help him out of it. But a king's adviser must tell him, that if he pardons Dodd, the hanging of the Perreaus was nothing but a double murder.*" This is the account I can give of Doctor Johnson's *commiseration* to poor culprits, and particular *benevolence* to the unhappy Divine. If it does not quite square with the notions of Querist, 'tis not my fault.—But it grows late, and here is another milky rogue, called *Anti-Janus*, with another milky letter in his hand, that runs as follows.

GEN.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

August 1785. p. 680.

T E X T.

"MR. URBAN, as you have mentioned Doctor Johnson's partiality to
 "Mr. Baretti; give me leave to observe,
 "that Mr. Baretti is unworthy of any
 "partiality from Britons.

R E M A R K.

Give me leave to observe too, that this second Bowlean letter begins with a lie. Mr. Urban never *mentioned* Doctor Johnson's partiality to any body. It was *Querist*, alias *Anti-Janus* himself, that *mentioned* it to Mr. Urban: and Mr. Urban, that is, *Messieurs Nichols and Henry*, having given but a hasty glance to *Querist's* vile letter, on account of their multifarious business, which keeps them both in an incessant hurry, sent it hastily up to their compositor. I am quite confident, that far from writing themselves such a rascally piece of nonsense, as they are here charged by

this Anti-Janus with having done, they both would vehemently resent the outrage of having it attributed to them, now, that I have explained it, and made that wicked nonsense quite intelligible. They saw the name of Doctor Johnson several times repeated in it: a name that every Englishman reveres, and will hear with exultation for ages to come: and having but seldom reason to fear sly tricks from deceitful correspondents, made room for it in their Magazine. That this was the case, I do not doubt in the least, because, having had in my days many dealings with Printers of periodical publications, am fully conscious, that they often have considerable quantities of crabbed manuscripts to peruse, when they have but little time to spare; and I remember besides, that Mr. Ed. Cave, the first institutor of the Gentleman's Magazine, whose friendship I enjoyed the last three or four years of his life, was himself now and then subject to such accidents. Instead therefore of expostulating with Messrs. Nichols and

Henry

Henry about the insertion of that wicked letter in their work, I will only warn them to be more and more upon their guard for the future against the specious knavery of correspondents, with whose hand-writing they are not well acquainted, lest, instead of promoting the cause of virtue and literature, they assist the purposes of malignity and defamation: and, wishing the Gentleman's Magazine a long continuation of the success it has long deserved, I will turn to my new friend Anti-Janus, who goes on glibly with his witty story.

T E X T.

“For, though in his English publications Mr. Baretti speaks of England and of Englishmen with that great regard, which he, who has been so well received among us, ought; yet when he returned to his native country, he published a number of *Familiar Letters* addressed to his two Brothers, wherein he says, that London is the sink of Europe, that the common prostitutes are children of ten years of age, and that on Sundays men

"are placed at the corners of the streets,
 "to hurry to jail all kind of disorderly
 "people.

R. E. M. A. R. K.

Bravo, Jack Anti-Janus! I did not expect you had wit enough to crowd so many lies in so narrow a space, as the last lines of your paragraph! This confirms my opinion, that Querist, Anti-Janus, and Mr. Editor, are so incorporated together, as to make but *one* Cerberus between the three. But as Cerberus has been so kind, as *not to quote* from my brotherly Letters any passage to back his assertions, I must be excused, if I do the same, and leave to him the *onus probandi*, as he is the sole accuser of Mr. Baretti, not I. As to me, that am not willing to turn informer against Mr. Baretti, and would rather do him good, than harm, I will only take upon myself the *onus observandi*: that if Mr. Baretti had been so gigantically foolish, as to print, either in Italian, or in the Monomotapa-Tongue, what this triple Jack would make folks believe, no Italian, from
 the

the Pope down to the St. Marino's cobblers, but what would have thought Mr. Baretti as mad as a March-hare; and many English Reviewer besides, when he came back, would have made him dance a brilk horn-pipe, maugre his plaguy gout, and the gravity of his age. Cerberus thinks, that he has but to speak, to be presently believed, and that no man in England understands Italian, except himself. Is not that the case, Monsieur Cerberus?

T E X T.
 "It is some years since I read those Letters, and therefore *do not remember many particulars*: but, upon the whole, *I do aver*, that he has represented England, not as it is, but as he wished it to be.

R E M A R K.
 And so, you *do aver*? But what signifies your *averring*? You will *aver* any thing to do me good: that I know. Under the signature of Querist, you have *averred*, that I have been guilty of atrocious offences: you have *averred*, that I owe my life to Dr. Johnson's apologies, and to the indul-

indulgence, I know not of whom. You have *averred*, that the same Doctor Johnson charged himself and others with want of veracity, and declared himself guilty of perjury to boot. Pretty *averrations* these! Under your own signature you have *averred*, that I stole watches: you have *averred*, that I was a defamer, a savage, an ignorant wicked fellow, etcetera, etcetera: and, what is worse than all, you have repeatedly *averred*, that your Edition and Comment would prove such luminous luminaries, as should dazzle Englishmen's eyes, and Spaniards understandings. Pshaw! what is there, that you would not *aver*, when seized by the fit of *averring*? Forbear *averring*, good Jack, as, were you to *aver* till doom's day, no body, out of the Tolondronic circle, will ever credit your *averrations*. You *aver* here, that you have not read for some years my Italian Letters; but *I aver*, that you have quoted a passage out of them, the very passage, by means whereof you would prove, that I know not a jot of Portuguese. A sweet fellow you
for

for *averring* ! What, if I should also *aver*,
that you would not have meddled with
Don Quixote, but that you are the greatest
Tolondron alive !

T E X T.

" It was however in this sink of Europe,
" where he stabbed a man to death, and
" where he was tried *and* acquitted for
" murder.

R E M A R K.

How gleeful you look, my dear man of
milk, when you harp on the string of stab-
bing and murdering ! It seems, as if you
delighted in no other music. Would you
not be more pleased to hear of some more
stabs and murders, than a duo between
Signor Babini and Madam Mara ? Strange
taste ! I suspect however, that the words *and*
acquitted in your harmonious period, were
foisted into it by Mr. Urban's compo-
sitor, who did not think it round enough
without that kind interpolation. But did
he not make the period absurd by his
kind interpolation ? Did he not give your
reader

T E X T.

reader a pinch of snuff, that he might not be offended by the stink of your other words?

T E X T.

"Mr. Baretti is an adept at a translation, and it is wished he will favour the public with a translation of his *Familiar Letters*, wherein he gives his real opinion of England and of Englishmen."

R E M A R K.

This is another innuendo clever enough: but it will not do neither, as Mr. John Bowle has told us (which we shall see in a following letter to Mr. Urban) as how that work of mine has *already been translated into English*, and has also quoted a passage out of it in his own letter to the Divinity Doctor. What need then of a new translation, by which I should get just as much, as he got by his edition of *Don Quixote*?

We shall see in the next speech what the other two correspondents of the worthy Mr. Urban have to say of me and of Mr. Bowle.

T O L O N.

T O L O N D R O N .

SPEECH THE SIXTH.

*Di darmi una ferita,
Pretaccio, hai la gran voglia!
Ma la t'andrà fallita,
Povera e pazzo Caglia,
Che nulla sai di scherma,
E t'hai la mano inferma.*

Peppe Titreba.

I TELL you what, Mr. John Bowle! I begin to be sick of talking to these comrades of yours, and of answering the nonsensical and infamous falsehoods they do over. Nevertheless, that I may not, as the saying is, leave my peacock without a tail, and as it is a shame not to end what is well begun, I will endeavour to give such a reception to the two remaining fellows, as they may never more have the insolence to knock at my door: and I will then go straight to make my Comment upon your Comment, which, I know, is what

what you have been longing after, for this week past, as if the entire happiness of your future life depended solely upon it. Step therefore a little aside, that I may not be interrupted in the dispatching of this ill-looking cur, that you call *Izzard Zed*. Did you ever see such a villainous phiz in all your life?

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

September, 1785, p. 675.

T E X T.

“ In extenuation of Doctor Johnson's
 “ foibles respecting the two *Culprits*, p. 492,
 “ it may be urged, that, though he had
 “ been long acquainted with the second,
 “ he did not discover the man till very
 “ late. It is well known to several of his
 “ friends, that, for more than the last thir-
 “ teen months of his life, all intercourse
 “ with them was at an end, and a re-
 “ newal, though solicited, was rejected on
 “ the part of the Doctor.

REMARK.

THE REMARKS

Here we have a third witness with straw in his shoes, who comes to inform your honour, his name is *Izzard Zed*; that he knows full as well as brother Querist, that Doctor Johnson had foibles *respecting two Culprits*; and that the Doctor was besides such a Tolondron, as not to discover during thirty years and more, the true character of a man, with whom he had lived in the closest intimacy. Strange and insufferable, that such unhallowed Jacks—give them a fittername, indignant reader!—such unhallowed Jacks, as these *Querists*, *Anti-Januses*, and *Izzard Zeds*, should dare to rub their hides against the monument, wherein the venerable remains of a Samuel Johnson are deposited, and not a sexton or an overseer by, to cudgel them away to their filthy mansions!

But, shall I stoop so low, as to confute that part of the above paragraph, that regards *the second of the two Culprits*? “No,
“no, [says Mr. John Bowle with a fluttering voice, and half vexed at this onset]
“left

"left you go a little too far for my pur-
 "pose! No, no, confute it not for the
 "love you bear me, as poor Izzard is not
 "so bad as he looks: and at last, it signi-
 "fies but little, to do away every misrepre-
 "sentation and every rascally lie, advanced
 "by this, and that, and t'other anonymous
 "villain."

So far, my good Mr. Bowle, you reason
 as right as any Plato, no doubt. Never-
 theless I will, by telling the right way that
 story, which you have told the wrong
 way, assist your Tolondronship with what
 may be of some use to you, when you
 come to write the life of the *second Culprit*,
 which you are soon to set about compiling,
 for the satisfaction and edification of a cu-
 rious public: and what may still be
 thought of greater importance, that my
 story, rightly told, may be a lesson to eager
 mortals to mistrust the duration of any
 worldly enjoyment, as, even the best ce-
 mented friendship, which I consider as the
 most precious of earthly blessings, is but a
 precarious one, and subject, like all the rest,

to

to be blasted away in an unexpected moment by the capriciousness of chance, and by some one of those trifling weaknesses, unaccountably engrafted even in the noblest minds, that ever shewed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated.

Know therefore, you honest Mr. John Bowle, or Mr. Izzard Zed (chuse which of the two names you please) that about thirteen months (as you say with no very considerable exaggeration) before Doctor Johnson went the way of all flesh, my visits to him grew to be much less frequent, than they used to be, on account of my gout and other infirmities, which permitted not my going very often from Edward-street; Cavendish-square, to Bolt-court, Fleet-street, as it had been the case in my better days: Yet once, or twice every month, I never failed to go to him, and he was always glad to see the oldest friend he had in the world, which, since Mr. Garrick's death, was the appellation he honoured me with, and constantly requested me to see him as often as I could.

L

One

One day ; and alas ! it was the last time I saw him, I called on him, not without some anxiety, as I had heard, that he had been very ill : but found him so well, as to be in very high spirits, of which he soon made me aware, because, the conversation happening to turn about Otaheite, he recollected, that Omiah had once conquered me at chess ; a subject, on which, whenever chance brought it about, he never failed to rally me most unmercifully, and make himself mighty merry with.

This time, more than he had ever done before, he pushed his banter on at such a rate, that at last he chafed me, and made me so angry, that not being able to put a stop to it, I snatched up my hat and stick, and quitted him in a most choleric mood. The skilful translator of Tasso, who was a witness to that ridiculous scene, may tell, whether the Doctor's obstreperous merriment deserved approbation, or blame : but such was Johnson, that, whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could ; nor
was

was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myself, to refrain from fallies, which not seldom would carry him further than he intended.

Vexed at his having given me cause to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haste to see him again, and he heard from more than one, that my resentment continued. Finding at last, or supposing, that I might not call on him any more, he requested a respectable friend to tell me, that he would be glad to see me as soon as possible: but his message was delivered me while making ready to go into Suffex, where I staid six full months; and then was taken to Bath, where I staid a month longer: and it was on my leaving Suffex, that the news-papers apprised me, my friend was no more, and England had lost possibly the greatest of her literary ornaments. It is more than I can tell, how this Izzard Zed came to stumble upon the information of that casual disagreement between the Doctor and me: and the use he has made of his intelligence, was just such

as was to be expected from Bowlean honesty, and Bowlean *averrations*.

T E X T.

“ The no notice of him, either in his
“ will, or at his funeral, farther corrobor-
“ rates this, if other proofs were wanting.

R E M A R K.

Out, out with other proofs, as *other proofs*, will always be *wanting to corroborate* any thing you *aver*, or may *aver* ! The Doctor could not take notice of every friend he had, in his will, as the task would have been too great : greater at least, than Mr. Bowle's is likely to be, when he comes to think of his. Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest procrastinators the world could show, made his will when life was nearly exhausted, and made it at the repeated solicitations of the very gentleman, that he had charged with his last message to me. Nor is it strange, if he left out of it the name of one, who wanted nothing of what he had, and was besides far from being so great a favourite, as several others, whose names he has no more noticed, than mine.

Nor

Nor should I have been much pleased, if he had taken notice of us all, and left ever so small a token of his friendship to each of us, as, so far, it would have been a diminution of the little, that he bequeathed to my friend Frank, who from his earliest youth served him with the greatest affection and disinterestedness. Had I been in London, no body, I suppose, would have had a right to keep me from attending the Doctor's obsequies along with other of his friends, many of whom are my friends: but, how could I be at the funeral, being, as I was, struggling with the deep snows, that obstructed the road from Havant to Bath, when the funeral took place? Out, out with other proofs, my good master: out, out, for these two will not do!

T E X T.

"In a word, the Doctor seems to
 "have consigned him to the solitary pa-
 "tronage of a man, *who*, to use his own
 "words, *if falsehood flatters his vanity, will*
 "*not be diligent to detect it.*"

R E M A R K.

The meaning of this last paragraph 'tis not possible for me to unravel, because, whether it be scantiness of merit, gross mismanagement, or lack of luck, I never enjoyed what is called *patronage* from any body, either in Italy, or in England; but I suppose, that my Tolondron, who knows nothing of me and my ways, has here fired a pistol in the air, to terrify the birds, lest I should catch them, and pick their feathers: and the birds in his eye, are the rich and the great, that might patronize the fellow who makes *marginal Notes*. What would I give, old as I am, that his tolondronic apprehensions were realized, by my obtaining the *solitary* (and I should not weep, if it were even the *associate*) *patronage* of some duke, or dukes, or of some lord or lords! What a delicious thing, if one, or two, or ten, or a hundred of them, to vex the fellow, would be suddenly and irresistibly seized by the whim of making me at once as opulent, as an alderman of London, or an Amsterdam-burgomaster! And take

take this along with you, that, by so doing, their graces and lordships would stand a fair chance of sharing with me a few more loads of abuse, that the fellow would certainly not fail to lay upon my back in such a case. But—Hush, good folks!—Suppose I take the hint, and here give their graces and lordships an humble petition, inviting them to this meritorious double work!—Faith, 'tis a good scheme, whereof the execution ought not to be deferred a moment! Here then comes petition quite hot from the French baker's oven in Poland-street :

*Ducs et Mylors, venez tous sur la brune
Trottant à moi : faisons cause commune.
Point n'écoutez mon Tolondron maudit,
Bouffi de haine, et rouge de dépit,
Qui se pendra peut-être cette nuit,
Lorsqu'un chacun, sans noise et sans racune,
Bien se garaant de faire trop de bruit,
Chatouillera doucement sa chacune.
Vieux je le suis, Messeigneurs : j'en conviens
Mais à quel âge est-on marri des biens,
Qu'amonceller veut chés-nous la fortune ?*

Ou tôt ou tard, richesse est opportune,
 Disoit Montaigne en son patois mignon,
 Plus fin d'esprit que n'est pas Tolondron,
 Qui moins en a, qu'un canard, qu'une pie.
 Ducs et Mylors, chapeau bas je vous prie,
 Dévers moi tous, sans barguigner, venez :
 Sacs de guinées à l'envi m'apportez :
 Et vous aurez vers, prose, et flatterie
 Le double, et plus, qu'en eut jadis mamie,
 Tant que direz : cesse donc, c'est assez !
 Cela tout fait, en chantant merliton,
 Verre pleurant, boirai bien vos santez
 En bon Bourgoigne, ou bon jus de Xérez.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

October 1785, p. 760.

T E X T.

“ Mr. Urban. I have thought, that the
 “ following words of *Valerius Maximus* de-
 “ scribe exactly the person of a man, that
 “ has been mentioned in your two last
 “ magazines : *Truculenta facies, violenti spi-*
 “ *ritus, vox terribilis, ora minis, et cruentis im-*
 “ *perius referta.*

REMARK.

R E M A R K.

I must own, that the *two*, and even the *three* last magazines, have vexed me, because they have hurted my poor foot as much, as a blister clapt on the heel of my shoe: but this fourth makes me such amends, as I deem sufficient in all conscience. Here, my friends is a fourth, ragamuffin, who calls himself by the odd and characteristic appellation of J. C. that is, *John Coglione*; a ragamuffin of deep thought, *par ma foi*, as he has *thought* of an *exact* description of me out of *Valerius Maximus*, whose works he has read through, and to some purpose, as you will see.

But who is *Valerius Maximus*? says your hopeful son, just come from Chiswick-school.

Valerius Maximus, my good Dick, was a free-born Italian, and my school-fellow many years ago. It happened once, that quarrelling with me about the true meaning of some verses in the *Secchia Rapita*, he gave me such a thump with his clenched fist in the pit of the stomach, that I fell
down

down backwards, and broke my occiput against one of the school-forms. *Valerius Maximus*, as good-natur'd a lad as your very self, was quite sorry for what he had done, and presently helped me up, seated me on the form, ran for an egg to the master's maid, whose christian name was *Ancilla*; opened it at the big-end, because he had been brought up in the big-endian religion; dexterously separated the white from the yolk; beat that white in a saucer with a tea-spoon, and applyed it on a rag to my wound with so much care and skill, that he absolutely won my heart for ever after.

On our quitting school, *Valerius Maximus* went to the Levant with one of his papa's friends, one Colonel *Sextus Pompeius*, who had procured him a Lieutenancy in the Duke of Modena's guards; and a brave soldier did he look in his regimentals. Presently after his arrival at the place of his destination, many were the battles, in which he had his share, to the great comfort of Colonel *Sextus Pompeius*, who loved him

him dearly. 'Tis enough to say, that he contributed as much, as any other Lieutenant in the army, towards dispossessing the Turks of the Holy land; and it was in one of those battles, that he pluckt off a Bassa's whiskers, which he sent to Rome, there to be hung up in the church of St. Agnes, where we used to go to mass together on Sundays, when school-fellows.

Being once at Damascus, and his winter-quarters affording him leisure, he took into his fancy to write a book in Latin, wherein he collected a good many *memorable sayings and doings* of several Officers of the army, in which he served, as also of many valiant Turks, though they were his country's enemies; as he admired valour, no matter by whom possessed: Nor did he forget to intersperse in his work various of the pretty pranks and frolicks of his school-fellows, among whom he highly distinguished me, as one of the most forward in robbing of orchards and vineyards, whenever opportunities offered. It was in that same Latin book, quoted by the
learned

learned *John Coglione*, that he delineated my character, calling me by the name of *Sulla*, which was my school-nick-name, because at times I was apt to be *sullen*, especially when I had the childblains, and awkward Tolondrons trod upon my fore heels. *Valerius Maximus'* book, dedicated to one *Squire Tibby*, a Major of Grenadiers, was printed at Damascus, and soon after reprinted at Aleppo with ample notes, not by himself, like Mr. Bowle's Letter to the Divinity-Doctor; but by above forty-four of the most erudite members of the Celo-Syrian society, among whom, the illustrious *Isaac Vossius*, an Arab by birth, and the celebrated *Freinshemius*, Chaplain in ordinary to the Hospodar of Antiochia. The four and forty Annotators had previously extolled *Valerius Maximus'* work so high, that the Damascus-Printer gave a good penny for the manuscript, which was no contemptible addition to his scanty pay as a Lieutenant, and enabled him now and then to treat his brother-officers with a bottle of the best Mareotic from Grand Cairo. Nor did

did any body throughout Asia speak disrespectfully of his work, excepting one *Joe Scaliger*, surnamed the *Waspsb Reviewer*, a pretty clever pioneer in the enemy's army, who seldom approved of any body's literary labours but his own, and called *Valerius Maximus*: *ineptus verborum et sententiarum affectator*.

From that book of Sayings and Doings, my friend *John Coglion*e extracted the above passage, and clapt it at top of his letter to Mr. Urban. The right meaning of the passage is; that, when I make marginal notes on Spanish Texts or Comments, I look quite dreadful: *truculenta facies*. That my spirits move along with great violence, when I rally Tolondrons: *violenti spiritus*. That my voice, when I speak Speeches about the blunders of Editors and Commentators, proves terrible: *vox terribilis*: and that, when I bid any of my pupils to come to read Don Quixote, I do it in such an imperious and threatening a tone, that there is no blockhead in the neighbourhood, but what presently bleeds at the nose:

nose : *ora minis et cruentis imperiis referta* :
 However, my dear Dick, take this with
 you, that (as Milton said to the Dutch
 Printer) this same *John Coglione* is a crafty
 knave : for, so enviously mean was he,
 that he suppressed the best part of the good
 things *Valerius Maximus* said of me in the
 same book, wherein he recorded, as a most
 faithful historian, not a few of the best
 legerdemains I ever atchieved, when with
 him at school : such as that, for instance,
 of drowning in the Tiber all the mice and
 rats I could catch ; and t'other of lopping
 at Preneste (where we used go to spend
 the holidays) the tails of all the puppies and
 kittens of the shop-keepers of that country-
 town ; those, especially, that belonged to a
 canting field-preacher, called by the rabble
The Reverend Mr. Marius, who once flung the
 stump of a cabbage at my head, because I
 made game of a devout matron the old fellow
 had a mind to marry, as she had a very
 considerable jointure. Nor did *Valerius Maxi-*
mus forget my skill in giving Cornish-tugs
 even to the tallest boys in the school at our
 I hours

hours of recreation, and throwing them head-long after a very short struggle; by which means I came to be so much feared by them all, that they dared not to lift a finger against me, as long as I pleased to stay at school. Art thou satisfied now about *Valerius Maximus*? But let us hear what *John Coglion*e has further to say of me when my name was *Sulla*.

T E X T.

“Can we hesitate a moment on whom
“to fix the following character?”

R E M A R K.

Let us have the following character by all means, especially as it is in Italian, which is another of the languages this Poliglot-John can copy out of his books, sometimes exactly, sometimes but so so.

T E X T.

“Pieno d’ignoranza e di scelleraggine,
“e scaltro, e petulante, e sfacciato, e mal-
“dicente, e adulatore, e bravaccio, e vi-
“gliacco, e dissoluto, e matto, e fregiato in
“somma d’ogni abbominevole dote.”

REMARK.

R E M A R K.

I must apprise the curious reader, that he would be wrong in *hesitating a moment* to apply the best part of this character to my Tolondron, as it is made up of many scraps, that he has carefully pickt out of an Italian work of mine, and sown them together for his own wearing, as you may see by his translation; though, to say truth, I wrote those Italian words long before I knew of the need he had of them.

T E X T.

“A man full of ignorance and wickedness, sly, petulant, impudent, a slanderer and a flatterer, a bully and poltroon; dissolute, fool, and, in short, adorned with every abominable endowment.” See *La Frustra Letteraria*, p. 287.

R E M A R K.

Is it not surprising, that, long before I knew this very *John Coglione*, and when I intended to paint another, I should paint him full as well, as Titian himself would have done?

T E X T.

T E X T.

“ Though your correspondent *Anti-Janus*,
 “ p. 608, has advanced nothing, but what
 “ is to be confirmed from No. 12, of his
 “ *Familiar Letters to his three Brothers*, yet,
 “ that he is unworthy of any partiality
 “ from Britons is not to be hastily credited,
 “ as some Britons in this age of affluence,
 “ in this total exemption from taxation,
 “ have thought him deserving of a pen-
 “ sion: and who dares to controvert the
 “ propriety of such conduct? ”

R E M A R K.

See what a *crafty knave*, Milton would
 say, this Anti-Janus is, who, but t’other
 day, pretended he had not read my Italian
 Letters; and tells us now, that he has!
 But if John Bowle, and John Coglione are
 synonymous, there is no doubt, but Coglione
 will do what Bowle did, and *dare to contro-*
vert for ever, what was repeatedly contro-
 verted by *Bowle* ever since the sad adven-
 ture of the *Marginal Notes*.

T E X T.

“ A Translator from that language, in
 “ which this deserving man boasts himself

M

“ to

“ to be an adept, at the same time, that
 “ he arraigned him of *total ignorance* in it,
 “ applied to him Johnson’s famous dis-
 “ tich of

“ London, the *needy villain’s* gen’ral home,
 “ The common-shore of Paris and of Rome.”

R E M A R K.

The temptation of calling me a *needy villain* was too strong for a Translator from the Spanish ; and paltry finners will yield to every temptation.

T E X T.

“ An account of his great worth and
 “ learning may be seen in *some Remarks on*
 “ *the extraordinary Conduct of the Knight of*
 “ *the ten stars, and his Italian Esquire* ; for
 “ which see the last Monthly Review,
 “ p. 156.

R E M A R K.

I have been *to see* that Review, as I was bid ; and never was any thing so fair and candid, as what is said in it about the Bowlean Performance. The honest Reviewer acknowledges himself an *incompetent*
 judge

judge of the question : but, says he, *if Mr. Bowle tells truth*, he has amply avenged himself on his adversary. The poor Tolondron, that never minds conditional *ifs*, eagerly bolts down the Reviewer's cautious words, as if they were a pretty compliment to him and his shilling-pamphlet. Much good may it do him. As to the Reviewer's calling Mr. Bowle's Edition *a valuable one*, I beg permission to enter my *Liberum Veto*, for reasons best known to myself and friends; and as to Captain Crookshanks' extraordinary conduct, give me but time, *Signor Coglione*, and I shall take notice of it without any doubt : nay, I had already done it, had not you and your comrades come to retard my march.

TEXT *the last.*

“ With some slight variations, Baretty's
 “ *Letters to his Brothers* are translated and
 “ incorporated in his English Travels.”

R E M A R K.

Was ever any mortal so clumsy an advocate *pro domo sua*, as this poor Tolondron !
 He first wishes I would give the English

nation a translation of my Italian Letters; then comes to inform the English nation, that I have already done it ! How true the Spanish proverb, that *a liar is sooner overtaken than a lame ox !*

But the business of the day is at last over, and the four Fellows are gone back to Idmestone, rather out of humour, than otherwise. Mr. John Bowle, give them a glass of small beer a-piece, for the good service they have done you : but, next time you come to me yourself, do it without your *quadruple mask* on your face, as, both you and I, begin to be rather too old for masquerades.

TOLON.

T O L O N D R O N .

SPEECH THE SEVENTH.

*Quidquid cogitas vanum est, quidquid loqueris falsum
est, quidquid improbas bonum est, quidquid probas,
malum est, quidquid agis stultum est.*

Petrarch.

PARDON me, good Mr. Bowle, if, in the two preceding speeches I have proved so incivil to your Tolondronship, as only to speak to you incidentally ; and attribute my want of manners to your four gentlemen of the straw in the shoes, who proved so troublesome, and engrossed so much of my talk, that I had scarce time to think of your Tolondronship all the while. It took up two long chatteringations before I could force them to forbear telling of lies ; and it was at last out of mere lassitude they told no more, and went away hurly burly, as if the devil had been in them. Let us therefore, you and I, resume the interrupted subject of your great

knowledge, and my great ignorance, and endeavour finally to settle so problematical a point to our mutual satisfaction, that we may never more be of quite opposite opinions, as, to my great vexation, we have hitherto been, and understand each other better for the future, now that we know each other better than we ever did.

Your Tolondronship has the goodness to inform me, that the Spaniards have *two Tragicomedies and some interludes in prose*: and by producing such a solid piece of erudition, quite unknown, to me before, you pretend to have entirely demolished the assertion in my travels, that *all the Spanish Comedies I ever read or heard of, are all in verse*.

Your demolition, however, seems to me as yet not so entire as you fancy, because it so happens, that *Tragicomedies and Interludes* are not quite the same thing, that *Comedies*. But as you may reply, that this is a mere subterfuge, and that different appellations change not the intrinsic qualities of dramas, and may insist, that interludes and tragicomedies are tantamount to comedies,

comedies, I must inform you in my turn, lest you slip thus nimbly through my fingers, that, several years ago, here in London, I bought, and read, a collection of Spanish comedies, that was comprised in no less than six and forty quarto volumes, each volume containing twelve of them exactly; the first volume entitled: *Primera Parte de Comedias sacadas de sus verdaderos Originales*, printed at Madrid in 1613, and beginning with a comedy called *La Baltasara*; the last volume, oddly entitled *Primavera numerosa de muchas harmonias lucientes*, printed in 1679, and ending with a comedy called *El Marqués de Cigarral*: and here, by way of parenthesis, let me tell you, it was from this very collection chiefly, that I got the notion Spanish comedies were all *in verse*, as not one in the six and forty volumes is *in prose*. Then, when I came back from Madrid, I brought with me a good number of single comedies, I had bought there for “un real “de vellon cada una”; *Anglicé, three-pence a piece*, and had them bound in 16 or 17 quarto volumes, ten in each volume, be-

fides such a number of *Entremeses*; that is, *Interludes*, *Entertainments*, and *Farces*, that, when bound up together, formed eight or nine pretty thick octavo volumes, every tittle *in verse*. I was besides possessed once, but gave them away, of the comedies of *Don Agustín Moreto* in two volumes quarto, and think they amounted to more than twenty, each one *in verse*: and you know, or ought to know, that *Agustín Moreto*, in the general opinion of the Spaniards, holds the third place among their dramatic poets, the first being occupied by *Lope de Vega*, and the second by *Calderon de la Barca*. Then my two brave disciples, innocent cause of those *marginal notes*, that have kept you this long while from eating with a good appetite, have read with me (but the book is theirs) some of the seventy-three comedies, and the forty-six Feasts (*Fiestas* is the Spanish word) contained in eleven thick volumes quarto, all written by *Calderon de la Barca* aforesaid, printed in Madrid 1760: and, with the same two young gentlemen, as well as without them, I have also read a
good

good number of *Autos Sacramentales* by the same *Calderon* and others, every thing *in verse*, and not *in prose*: and you know, or ought to know, that *Fiestas* means, comedies composed for the private entertainment of the king and his court, and *Autos* means, sacred allegorical plays; the *Fiestas* gone out of fashion this long while, and the *Autos* permitted no longer on the Spanish stage. All the comedies and other theatrical performances of *Lope de Vega*, that I ever read, which are a pretty many, are all *in verse*; and so are those of *Don Antonio de Solis*, printed in quarto, Madrid 1681; the very man, that wrote the well-known *History of Mexico*, and father to the archbishop of Seville, lately dead above a hundred years old. I hope besides, whatever you may have silyly insinuated to the contrary, in your letter to your Doctor, that you give me credit for having read even more of *Cervantes'* comedies, than are contained in the Madrid edition of 1749: and you may be sure, that they are all *in verse*. I have likewise read a number of

Loas

Loas, Zarzuelas, Sainetes, and other petty dramas of the Spaniards, and not one of them did I ever see *in prose*, as they are all *in verse*. So are the Comedies of *Juan Bautista Diamante*, numerous enough: so those of *Fernando de Zarate*, of *Luis de Belmonte*, of *Don Antonio Martinez*, and of *Don Roman*, who was what they call, *Montero de Espinosa*; and here, Jack, you may run to some Dictionary, to see what *Montero de Espinosa* means. All *in verse* are those of *Don Juan de Zavaleta*, and those of *Don Francisco de Rojas*, or *de Roxas*, thus written both ways in different editions. All *in verse*, likewise are those of *Juan Matos Fregoso*, of *Diego Ximenes de Enciso*, of *Melchor de Leon*, of the three Doctors *Mira de Mescua*, *Felipe Godinez*, and *Perez de Montalvan*; as also those of *Juan de Villegas*, of *Geronimo de la Fuente*, of *Juan de Vera y Villaroel*, and of a great many more, with whose names I could choak you, were I as fond as you, of choaking Christians with names of outlandish Authors. Upon a very moderate computation, I will venture
to

to say, that, in the course of my life, I have read twelve hundred Spanish Comedies; and I will take my oath of it, that I never met with one, but what was *in verse*. Ask me not if I liked them all, lest you force me to say, that there is not one in every hundred I would be the author of, not even excepting those of *Lope de Vega*, and *Calderon de la Barca*. The only two, as I still remember, that pleased me, were *El Familiar sin Demonio* by *Gaspar de Avila*, and *No hai bien sin ageno daño* by *Antonio Sigler de Huerta*. I don't recollect at present, that I liked any other throughout. Invention, plot, wit, and humour, many of them have here and there, *Moreto* and *Solis* especially: nor do many and many want true and singular characters, which would appear to great advantage, were they *habillez á la Corneille*, as a few of *Don Guillen de Castro's* have been, several of whose Comedies I have read, that I may not forget them. Speaking, however, in general, the Spanish Comedies, in spite of the feeble efforts made in my days by *Don Tomaso de Yriarte*, by *Don Agustin Cordero*

Cordero, by the witty Countess *del Carpio*, by the Marquis *de Palacios*, and by half a dozen more that I could name, the Spanish Comedies (and *Comedia* in Spanish, like *Play* in English denominates both *Tragedy* and *Comedy*) suit not my taste much, though I have passed many mornings and evenings in the reading of them. But what was it to me, their being good, bad, or indifferent? I read them not with a view to learn from them the art of Comedy-making; but only to encrease my stock of Spanish language: and it was out of them, to tell it here in another parenthesis, that I got above three thousand words [as I said in my *Spanish Dissertation*] not registered in the Academicians' Dictionary, which I have added in the margins of that same Dictionary, to be sent, after I am dead, to their Academy, as I am sure, that an Exemplary, thus augmented, will prove of good use, if ever the Members of it come to give us a second Edition of their Predecessors' Work. Nor have I added only to my Exemplary *three thousand words, and more*; but have also made *Marginal*

ginal Notes to many thousands of their *Words, Definitions, Etymologies, Examples, etcetera*; and I have likewise taken notice in the same way of their *Prolegomena*, telling my opinion freely of every thing I disliked in their Six Volumes, with no more scruple, than if they had been so many *Jack Bowles*, which, thank heaven, is far from being the case, because such Jacks are mighty scarce all the world over.

Come now you, Tolondron tolondronissimo, come to tell the by-standers, that the Spaniards, contrary to my assertion, have *Comedies in prose*; and display your vast erudition, by talking (out of Don Quixote and other Works of Cervantes) of a *Tragicomedy* split in two, and of three or four *Farces*, never exhibited on the Spanish Stage, the first *all in prose*, the others *partly in prose, and partly in verse*. A *blanca* for your Tragicomedy: three or four *ardites* for your *three or four Farces*; and twelve hundred *doblones* for my *twelve hundred Comedies, Fiestas, Autos Sacramentales, etcetera*! My *Comedies, Fiestas and Autos*, have furnished me with such a store of words

words and phrases; that with many of them I have been able to enrich the margins of the great Spanish Dictionary: but, what have your lank Farces, and your puny Tragicomedy, furnished you with? Wretched things! With all their efforts, they could not even help you to find out a *pun* in Don Quixote: Ay! they could not even help you to the lady-like word *diantre*, to the pretty repetition of *afsi afsi*, and to the mouth-filling phrase *de cabo en rabo*! Away with your paltry trumpery! away with your *Celestina*, with your *fuez de los divorcios*; your *Guarda Cuidadosa*, and your other small ware! Nor dare you evermore to compare your Pedler-box to my Store-house, that contains half the riches of the Spanish Stage! Was ever such a Tolondron, that comes to make a parade of a few tooth-picks, when I can shew him Norway-masts in plenty! I have no patience with such senseless Tolondronissimos!

You further come to tell me, *Señor Licenciado Bowle* (I have a good mind to make a Spanish Doctor of you, though
you

you are but a poor *Gorrón*) that you have apprised Doctor Percy of my having given in my travels a *defective and erroneous account* of the Spanish literature. But pray, you monster of nonsense, you *Gorrón de mis pecados*! How could I help that account being inexact and incomplete, if it was but a sketch, such as a poor traveller could give in a hurry?

I never asserted in any verbal, manuscript, or printed work, that my account was a good account; nor has Doctor Percy, or any other reader of my travels, taken it, but for what it was; that is, a little chit-chat about Spanish literature; an effort, made *en passant*, to induce people to suspect, that the Spaniards have in their language something else, besides Don Quixote; a tap on the shoulder to those, who impudently affirm (they are not few) that in Spain every kind of literature is totally neglected, and has always been. Before I went to that country myself, I had read, in English, in French, and in Italian, more accounts of Spain, than I have fingers on my hands,

hands, and found almost nothing else in them, but long descants, no less ridiculous than false, no less petulant than insipid, of Spanish idleness, Spanish ignorance, Spanish superstition, Spanish beggary, Spanish dereliction of all that is good. During my short residence at Madrid, the second time I was there especially, I got notions of a different kind, because I was so lucky, as to be introduced in what they call the best companies, where I could pay at sight my little bills of talk, without borrowing from the Italian or French chat-lenders, as most foreigners are forced to do, that go there with a single *como está usted* in their purse. There it was, that I made my humble bow to the *Señor Don - - - Campomanes*, who deigned to converse with me, while his sprightly daughter *Bibiana*, then a bride, (I shall never forget her black eyes) was nimbly dancing Fandangos and Seguidillas with her *Esposo*. There I shook hands more than once with *Father Sarmiento* in his own apartment, three or four pair of pairs up in his convent, and even helped

helped him to feed a multitude of sparrows, that visited him every morning. There I had once or twice a glimpse of *Father Flores*, and a few more *Reverendissimos*, that used pretty often to call on the good *Sarmiento*. There I walked more than once in the King's Botanic garden, about half a league out of Madrid, betwixt *Don Bermudes* the botanist, and *Don Domingo Venier*, a learned Navarrah, and *Ayuda de Camara* to his Majesty, both willing to turn me into a pretty botanist, but that I cannot remember the names of plants, when they are not of the culinary kind. There I dined twice, if not three times, at the geographer *Don Tomaso Lopez*, who showed me many Maps he had himself made, of various provinces and districts of Spain. There, at *Count Gazola's*, General of the artillery, I paid my respects to several engineers, mineralogists, mathematicians, and other such people, who frequently surrounded him, and formed such entertaining company, as I shall never see the like for the future: nor do I,

as yet, forget thee, most courteous and most amiable *Abate Romero*, with whom I have so often wished to talk English again of the present state of the Arts and Sciences in thy country! There I went to see the Royal Academy of Painting and that of the Spanish language, and exchanged words with several of their respective members. In Madrid, at Talavera la Reina, Toledo, Guadalaxara, Zaragoza, and in divers parts of Catalonia, I gave running looks to several manufacturies of cloth and divers other things, and heard from divers creditable persons, that, at Valencia they work above three thousand looms in manufacturing silks only, besides a great many, that they have for clothes and silks at Segovia, and other towns, which I had not time or means to go to. I was going to omit, that I saw in many towns many libraries and booksellers' shops, largely furnished with books, many printing-offices abounding with types, that had good eyes, and many hospitals richly endowed, and well attended. If you will
form

form a judgment to what a perfection the arts of paper-making and type-casting for the use of printers; has been carried, give but a look to the translation of Sallust, made by one of the Royal Sons, and to the Academicians' quarto and octavo editions of *Don Quixote*; and tell me then, whether the Spaniards, in that particular, have reason to envy Baskerville, or any other English or French type-caster, or paper-maker. In one word, as in a hundred, I saw with my own eyes, that in Spain there was something more, than superstition, ignorance, idleness, beggary, and dereliction of every thing, as many careless or disingenuous rascals would make me believe before I went there myself. I will not say by all this, that Spain is as yet, upon the whole, so far and so generally advanced in arts and sciences, as France, or England are. I will only say, that her sons are hard at work this very day, and that they take large strides to rival both the English and the French in every thing. My time for viewing and examining so many ob-

jects, and for ascertaining all the accounts given me of what I could not see, was but short, for the eternal reason, that my purse was short likewise: and, as I had a long journey to come back, I did not choose to run the risk of remaining in pawn for my reckoning at some inn or other on the road: so that, if in my Travels through Spain (made up of observations put together in the two journeys I took to that country) I told but a few of those many things I had seen, or heard of, you might as well have conjectured, that I dared not expatiate, for fear of some cursed mistake or inexactness, that might then bring me to shame, and under the lash of censure, either there or here. Of the Spanish Literature in particular, I said but little, and that little with fear and trembling, as I knew but little of it, which, to my sorrow, is still the case, and will surely be as long as I live, for want of books and conversation, that I may not say, for want of sufficient brains. And you, great Tolondron, you, that have never seen fifty Spanish

nish books on a shelf; you, that cannot utter one poor sentence of Spanish; you, that have as much brains, as a flower-pot, that I may not say some other pot; you, Mr. John Bowle, go audaciously to tell Doctor Percy, that my Account of Spanish Literature is *imperfect and erroneous*? You want to persuade him, that my knowledge on this head, is nothing, or next to nothing, when especially compared to yours? Oh the mighty Hispanist, that destroys at once the whole of my poor Spanish learning, as the *Sabio Muñator* did that of Don Quixote, by turning it all into a cloud of smoke! But, Jack! A word in your ear. Have you any idea, any conception, any clear notion, of what *an Account of Spanish Literature* must be, not to be *an imperfect and erroneous* one? Do you know, that, beginning, as one ought, an Account of that Literature from the eighth century, when almost all the knowledge of Europe was centered in Spain, down to the times of the great Don Alfonso; then down to Ferdinand, Charles

the Fifth, and Philip the Second; then down to this present day; do you know, I say, that *such an Account* is possibly out of the reach, I will not say, of any single man, but of a great many men of the largest size of knowledge, and of the most indefatigable perseverance in laborious searches? *An Account of Spanish Literature not imperfect, not erroneous!* Poor fellow! An army of such Bowles as thee, though it were as numerous as that of Xerxes, would be far from sufficient for such an undertaking, which would be *a great undertaking* indeed, as thou callest thy wretched *Comento*! Be but so condescending, you immense Tolondron, as to regale the public with the nicenesses you regaled Doctor Percy with; and, when I have tasted, or but smelt them, I will give you and him, I am sure, many and many cogent reasons, and in much more convincing words than yours, whether they are to be served at his, or any body's table, or flung in the dust-hole, for the scavenger to fetch, and inform you to boot, whether

whether you can cope with *Don Antonio Joseph Cavanilles*, or only rank with *Monsieur Miffon* : *Don Antonio*, a wise and well informed fellow : the *Monsieur* a silly and impertinent puppy. But, why should I degrade even that French puppy, by putting such a Tolondron as you upon a par with him ? When *Miffon* speaks of Spain, he is a puppy, God knows ; and an insufferable one too : but, on other subjects, he knows tolerably well what he is about, and has at least a good language, as well as a lively style : but you, when speaking of Spain, or of any other imaginable thing, what are you, but a filthy conglomeration of ignorance, dulness, forwardness, presumption, malignity, and nonsense ? You, John Bowle, you dare to think yourself equal to the task of writing an Account of Spanish Literature, or of any Literature ! And that, not an imperfect, nor an erroneous one ; but such, as to deserve to be read by Doctors and Bishops ? *Di Immortales* ! In what a world do we live ! Upon my credit, that I am ready to swear like a

trooper, and throw both my slippers into the Thames, or the Severn ! But let me compose my spirits, too much agitated by such tolondronic vaunts and tolondronical bragging. Let me take a large pinch of snuff, that I may grow so calm again, as to be able to pursue this important subject to my reader's satisfaction and contentment, which is what at present I have most at heart. But, my pinch is up, one half of it in the right, t'other half in the left nostril, and I am sure I shall now be angry no more : therefore, let us go on, chatting and gossiping, like two old Dowagers on an evening walk through Kensington Garden in the month of May.

Now, Mr. John Bowle, I tell you calmly and in good humour, that with regard to Doctor Percy, if you mean him, as I suppose you do, that actually adorns the Bishops' Bench in Ireland, I declare to you, and to every body living, that I decline not, nor ever shall, any judgment passed by him on me, while reading your acute Remarks on my obtuse Account of Spanish

nish Literature. I have had, and not seldom, the honour of sitting elbow to elbow with his Lordship, and have as good an opinion, possibly a larger idea than you have, or may have, of his extensive knowledge, powers of criticism, and good taste in literary matters; nor do I want on these several heads the least information from Mr. John Bowle, or any other good soul. I question however, whether he has not lost his time, when he read both my Account and your Remarks, if he has been so patient, as to go through both. As to my Account, I am pretty confident, that it is not worth a button: but let us, as I said, give but a poor peep at your Remarks, and we will soon see, whether, or no, they are worth a button and a half, or only half a button. That you had scribbled some nonsense, or other, about my account of Spanish literature, I heard long ago: but, as I cared not a fig for it, I should have forgotten it totally, had you not put me in mind of it now. Why did you not do the same with regard
to

to my marginal notes, and forgotten them likewise? Why did you go about Hampshire and Wiltshire, abusing me so cordially as you did, which procured you the honour of my naming you in my Spanish dissertation? Strange, that you should think yourself possessed of the exclusive right of abusing me about two counties, and scribble besides whatever you choose about me and my doings; yet be so violently angry at my making *marginal notes* on a work of yours, and dropping a characteristic epithet on your pate, on account of your adopting blindly some absurd orthographic notions! Where the devil, Master mine, is your equity in this proceeding? What claim have you to be totally exempted from the law of retaliation?

Those travels of mine, I find, by your industry in noting down several scores, or several millions, of errors and faults in them, that they stick curstly in your gizzard, though they be now nearly forgotten by all that read them *in diebus illis* ;
but

but little good, I think, will you do yourself, by going to proclaim at Charing-Cross, or at the Royal-Exchange, that in November the 25th, 1779; that is, long before the date of my *marginal notes*, “a
 “*sensible friend* of yours wrote you word,
 “that he had *no great opinion* of me;
 “that my travels through Spain are *full*
 “of errors and mistakes; and that when in
 “Italy, he had frequent opportunities of
 “experiencing, how surprisingly *second*
 “rate *Italians* are warped by prejudices
 “against the *Oltramontani*.”

I will not, Mr. John, set about guessing, who that *sensible friend* of yours is, with whom you freely communicated your meagre conceptions about me and my works, at a time, that I never thought, or could think of your works, or of you, having seen you but once at a tavern, and never heard of your name before or after, until I saw you again at Captain Crookshanks's. Sure I am, if I chose, that I could point my finger at that *sensible friend*, and say, *Thou art the man*, because you
 have

have been so indiscreet (not to say worse) as to give me sufficient hints to make me guess right. But, why should I guess, and make a stir about it? I had written a book, and I had printed it. He had, of course, an undubitable right to tell you and any other body, in his daily conversation, or in his letters, whatever he thought about my book: and none, but Tolondrons, will ever deny any body the exertion of such a right, which is one of the most lawful, that men can have. Flatter yourself not, however, that the gentleman will be much obliged to you for your forgetting yourself so far, as to give the public and me, that part of his letter to you, which has now made more than one, masters of an opinion, that he intended you should keep to yourself. Mr. John Bowle, thou hast here play'd a trick to thy *sensible friend*, that is not a pleasing trick: and, as I am fond of ending disputes by wagers, I will lay thee a goose to a gander, that if ever he reads thy letter to thy Doctor, he reprobates thee for a dangerous correspondent,

dent, that will, when seized by a mad fit, betray the secret of his friends to any body, be the consequence what it will. But, to leave this matter to be adjusted between you and him, I will come to say this, that, if I have not *his good opinion*, I am sorry for it; and this is all, that I can say on his first paragraph: yet, with regard to my travels, I will repeat it again, that, no doubt, I have committed, as he says, *errors and mistakes* in them, through misapprehension, or misinformation; not through wilfulness, of which I do acquit myself with a good conscience. However, that my travels are *full* of errors and mistakes, if he will permit me to say it, I cannot agree with him quite, and will make so free with him, as to tell him, that his word *full*, I take as a mere epistolary word, that ran off his pen unawares, instead of *some, few*, or any other monosyllable or dissyllable of a more gentle meaning.

To inform him and you of the reason I have for not entirely acquiescing in his verdict, and for thinking somewhat better
of

of that work of mine, than the word *fall* comes to, I must tell you and him a story, or to say better, an anecdote, that in all probability will delight you as much, as any you ever heard to the advantage of Doctor Johnson, from the *Sieur Boswell*, or *Squire Tyer*. The anecdote is as follows.

One day at Madrid, the second time I was there, while I was at dinner at the young Count Rubion's, who was at that time Sardinian Minister there, a travelling berlin stopt at his gate with a gentleman in it, whose sudden and unexpected appearance surpris'd and pleas'd me much. 'Twas Count Scarnafis, I know not how many years embassador from the court of Turin to that of Lisbon, who was returning home from his embassy. On his entering the dining-room, and after having gone through the usual ceremonies on such occasions with Count Rubion, he spied me among his guests, and presently knew me, though we had not seen each other a good long while. "What! old friend

Baretti?

“Baretti? Lo! Here is thy book——and
 “drew it out of his great-coat-pocket——
 “I have had it in my hands all along the
 “road from Lisbon here. I have crossed the
 “towns thou hast crossed; lodged at the
 “inns thou hast lodged; spoken to many
 “thou spokest to; enquired after thy sup-
 “per at *Tekvas*, where thou didst splice thy
 “English cake for Paolita and the other
 “dancers; asked of *Tia Morena*, who still
 “lives at *Meaxaras*, after thy feast of the
 “*quartillos*: in short, made it a point to
 “probe thy veracity as a traveller to the
 “very bottom; and the devil is in it, but
 “every syllable thou hast written is true,
 “as truth itself.” I need not tell you,
 good John, that the book Count Scarnafis
 produced, was the Account of my Travels
 in Italian, which [as you have observed] is
 the same I translated afterwards into Eng-
 lish. Count Scarnafis after that day, has
 been in England as Envoy Extraordinary;
 then went to Paris as Embassador; and there
 he is still. Your *sensible friend*, I have some
 notion, knows him; and if he does not,
 he

he may, by means of some friend, easily come to the truth of this fact, in case he should doubt it, which I am pretty confident he will not. But you, Mr. John, do you really think, that I can now allow with a good conscience of his epistolary word *full*, as if it had been the production, not of epistolary hurry, but of a long and serious examination? Do you think, that, as you have done, I must swallow it, as the Spaniards say, *a trágala perra*? Whip me, if I do, after such an unsought for and honourable testimonial in my favour by a man of rank, dignity, and knowledge! and, as to what your sensible friend said about *second rate* Italians, far from falling to loggerheads with him about it, as you expect, I will lay you another wager of a turkey to a pigeon, that he is right, knowing myself of my own knowledge, that even *first rate* Italians are *surprisingly warped by prejudices* against *Foreigners*, which is what he means by *Oltramontani*. But do you cross yourself at that, Master John? Indeed, if you do, you know not as yet, that

two

two and two make four! I can vouch, without the least fear of contradiction, that there are many *first*, *second*, and *third* rate folks in Italy, as well as in any other country, *surprisingly warped by prejudices* against all countries but their own: and God forbid I should be so simple, on such a score, as to except the English. John Bull and I have been most intimate friends these many years, and I know enough of his *prejudices and warpings*! But, as they chiefly arise from his native simplicity, I do love him the better for them, especially as he happens to be quite right on a few important points, foolishly contested him by those *prejudiced and warped Foreigners*, who have only met him in the streets, or in St. George's-fields, when he happened to be fuddled. I will tell you more, Mr. Bowle, if you will listen. Do you know, that, under different appellations, there are a great many branches of Mr. *John Bull's* family scattered in every country under the sun, of which every member has plenty of *warpings and prejudices*? But, who

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cares

cares for the prejudices and warpings of the John Bulls of any country? As for me, to tell you my secret, I make game of them all, when I hear them seriously talk of their individual and indubitable superiority over each other, which is the topic, whereon they are constantly willing to expatiate. And why do I laugh at them? Because that I love the great varieties this world exhibits, which would prove too insipid without them; and because I have long adopted as an irrefragable truth the French saying, that, *même en Normandie il y a des honnêtes Gens*. Forget not to inform of these my odd notions your *sensible Friend*, if ever he comes again in your way; and next time you write to your Divinity-Doctor, give the world a few of your wise remarks upon these same odd notions of mine.

After having tried to make me angry at your *sensible Friend*, you awkwardly endeavour to soothe and appease me, by telling me of a very pretty thing said of me by the *most pleasing Author*, as you call him, of the
Nouveau

Nouveau Voyage en Espagne: but, for all this unusual piece of flattery, *mibi obtundere not potes palpum*. That most pleasing Author, whom I know to be the *Abbé de la Porte*, concerned once with *la Baumelle* in writing the *Volteriana*, many people pretend, never was in Spain; but compiled his *Nouveau Voyage* in Paris, out of mine and other people's travels. Whether this be true, or not, I cannot as yet affirm, because, as yet, I have not read his work. But, true, or not true; and I would not give a co's-lettuce for the difference, I am vastly obliged to you for telling me, that he allows me *de l'esprit*: a gratuitous present, not frequently made to foreigners by the French, who, in general, keep so fast *l'esprit* to themselves, and consider it so much as their sole property, that a poor fellow born out of France must congratulate himself as transcendently fortunate, when he obtains from any *Monsieur* so much of that pickle, as may occasionally render a dish palatable, when served at any table throughout those parts of the

universe, that are not included in his king's dominions. True it is, that the *pleasinnge Author*, a little too Gallically, denies *truth* to my Spanish Travels: but, though I may irreluctantly submit to his opinion, when he thinks me a man of *esprit*, I admit not of his assertion, *that I have not linked wit to truth* throughout my work to the best of my power: and, whatever he may say about *Aranjuez*, I wish you to tell him, next time you see him, that my description of that place is as *true*, as it is true your name is *John*, and your nickname *Tolondron*. As to his affirming, that, both in England and France, there are finer situations, than that of *Aranjuez*, I answer, that 'tis always a mere matter of opinion, whether this and that spot is prettier, than this and that other spot: and so, Peter may prefer *Versailles* to *Aranjuez*, Paul may prefer *Aranjuez* to *Versailles*, and Andrew may prefer *Windsor* to both, without any of them committing a mortal sin, and without injuring the smallest leaf, that grows on
any

any of their numerous trees. However, I never said, that *the situation of Aranjuez* was a *finer situation*, than any in France, or in England. I only described the house and gardens in the most exact manner I could: and, if *Monsieur l' Abbé de la Porte* has described both better than myself, that only proves he has more *esprit*, than I have: and you know, that I am not obliged in law, or in conscience, to have more *esprit* than a Frenchman. I will only remark, that the quotation added to the Frenchman's words by another hand, is a knavish quotation, because the worthless dog, who put that ferret to the Frenchman's cane, suppressed the second half of my words, as it is his constant method never to act fairly: and you may possibly give a guess at the man that I mean, and whose name I suppress.

To put an end, if possible, to your mighty fuss about my *Travels*, now buried in the dust, I must tell you another pretty story: a thing I am fond of doing, when

I talk to children, or to tall folks, that have childish intellects. The story is as follows :

Two or three days after the publication of those same Travels here in London, a bag was left for me with my Landlady, together with a short note in Spanish, wherein I was told, that "*Doña Paula*" sent her compliments to me, and that, "having found, by my Account of Spain, that I disliked not the chocolate drank at her house, when in Madrid, she made free to send me a few *bollos*, etcetera :—" and those few *bollos* filled that same bag, which was a bag of a very decent dimension.

You may well think, Mr. John, that, on receiving a present so rudely made, I presently wanted to know, who this imposing *Doña Paula* was, that saucily dared to personate her, whom I had left in the capital of Spain. Actuated by this curiosity, I set immediately about inquiring after her, fully resolved to find her out, that I might shame her for her assuming
the

the name of another Lady, as I knew for sure, that Doña Paula was not in England. After a most inquisitive search, I fixed my suspicions upon *Don Francisco de Escarano*, a worthy Knight of Santiago, who was then Secretary to the Spanish Embassy, and wrote him word by *Povoleri*, who went often to read Italian with him, that, wanting some explanations of some passages in the Book of *Frai Gerundio*, which I did not well understand, and having heard, that he was a man of literature, and an admirer of that book, I begged of him he would permit me any morning to wait on him, to shew him those passages, and learn of him their meanings. *Don Francisco* presently appointed the next morning for our interview, and I waited on him accordingly with my book in my paw. While he was busily employed in explaining my real, or pretended difficulties, without the least suspicion of the trick I was meditating, chocolate was brought me, as I expected; and at the very first sip I exclaimed

with a significant shake of the head : *Jesús, y que parecido este chocolate al de mi señora Doña Paula ! Oh, how like is this chocolate " to that of Lady Paula."* ! Mal superchero, said he, with a hearty laugh, you have caught me in your trap ! But, for all your *Frai Gerundio*, and your roguery, I give you thanks in *Doña Paula's* name and mine, for having dared to speak honestly of our country, which is what no travel-writer has ever done before you.

Having now been most impertinently prolix about one of my performances, it would be insufferable to talk of the rest, which, along with that, you promise soon to butcher. But, before you set about so useful and meritorious a work, let me, good Doctor Tolondron, humbly deprecate your wrath, by telling you ingenuously, that, whatever I have written in the long course of my life, was all done out of necessity, rather than choice. Having no houses, no lands, no money in the stocks, no annuity, no salary, nothing in the world to live upon, as, presently after the death of my father,

father, I gamed away at Faro the little he had left me, I was forced to have recourse to my wits ; and thus turned author in spite of my teeth, to keep them a-going. But, as want was incessantly pushing and pushing at my back, whatever I scribbled was always done in a most confounded hurry : and it is a miracle, greater, I think, than any St. Antony ever made, how I came to get bread and cheese, and now and then a beef stake, by my ill-chopt performances. Conscious of the numberless and supreme faults and imperfections of all my poor doings that way, I wish now ; and, to my sorrow, I wish it in vain, that every page I ever sent to the press in Italy, or in England, were at bottom of the sea : and, by the bye, I am pretty sure the time is not far, that you will likewise form some wish or other very similar to mine, with regard to your own performances. After this declaration, drawn from the very core of my heart, I give you most ample leave to massacre all my literary offspring, these present speeches
not

not excepted: yet depend upon it, Mr. John Bowle, that, for one fault or mistake you may find out in any one of my publications, I will discover twenty, and even twenty-two, be your sagacity ever so quick-eyed, and your malignity ever so alert; and of this I will lay you a third bet of a fillet of veal to a pork-chop. I say not this, Mr. John, with a view to check your eagerness, or obstruct your diligence in your new *great undertaking*; but, on the contrary, to whip and spur you on, by presenting to your fancy probable hopes of success. Let me, however, caution you, Mr. John Bowle, if you write your new *great undertaking* in English, to do it in better English than that of your Letter to the *Divinity-Doctor*, and better than that of your four silly scraps to *Mr. Urban*. I caution you likewise, with your good permission, to bring all, or almost all, your meanings in your text, weaning yourself of that nasty custom of making the bottoms of your pages heavier than their tops, by fixing to each of them those

4

pieces

pieces of lead, that you term *notes and quotations*. In that letter of yours to your Doctor, though it is but a foolish shilling-pamphlet, you have no less than *fifty-eight* of those heavy *quotations and notes*, all numbered---1, 2, 3, 4, 5, down to 58, and each enclosed in a parenthesis, (1) (2) (3) and so forth, as if they were all cameos and intaglios, to be set to so many rings of gold. Forbear so tolondric a manœuvre as much as possible, for the reason, that not one in a hundred readers, cares to be disturbed by references at bottom of the pages, while in the extasy of reading such sublime works, as your Tolondronship has produced, and may produce. Forbear likewise, if you can, that other lousy trick of your multitudinous *See's* : *See Aldrete, See Nebrixa, See Covarruvias, See Ribadeneira, See the Frustra, See the Travels, See the Gentleman's Magazine, See the Critical Review, See the Monthly Review, See the Devil and his Dam !* I would by no means have you reject every individual

See

See in the world: that is not my intention. But, I take it to be a very great piece of impertinence, to be eternally plaguing people that read, with that saucy imperative *See*, as if they had no other business in the world, but to verify every tittle of your nonsense: besides that, it bespeaks ill-breeding to reproach a reader in each page with his beggary, if he happens to be one of those, that have not a duplicate of each book in your library. Try likewise to write your own thoughts in your own words, rather than copy words and thoughts from others, as you have so often done hitherto: and, whenever you shall mention people, living people especially, say of them what you think yourself, not what *Valerius Maximus* or *Fabius Maximus*, or any other *Maximus* said or thought; because it is my opinion, that none of those old gentlemen ever thought or said much of you, of me, or of any other man living.

To recommend fairness and candour in every thing you write, and beg of you
to

to have always strict truth before your eyes, I know would be absurd, as well as hopeless. I might as well beg of you an addition to my pension out of your own income; and I know besides, that every writer cannot be possessed of every possible perfection. Some desideratum or other every writer is always in want of, that he never can attain, be his industry ever so vigorous, and his drudgery ever so indefatigable. Truth, Jack, truth is the grand desideratum you will ever want in your literary performances, if by your past I may judge of your present doings: and on this point you are exactly like me, that am *capable of saying any thing*, as you have acutely observed. However, sticking to truth is but a trifling accomplishment: and you, possessed as you are, of many others of much greater magnitude and importance, you need not blush at the wilful and constant want of that: Therefore, the best thing you can do, is to go on in the old track, like a Spanish mule, putting your dirty hoofs exactly in the same holes,

holes, in which you put them before. Repeat then, and without stammering in the least, that, besides the already mentioned, I have stolen half a dozen watches more, and all of gold, though to your positive knowledge they be but of pinchbeck : and to make people swallow the assertion easily, say, that I have *related* myself the story in the hearing of half a dozen worthy gentlemen ; only taking care not to call any of them to witness your words, for fear of contradiction. Say again and again, that I am an envious and malignant toad, when I set about making *marginal Notes* ; though you may know for sure, it is chance, that brings me to make them for the instruction of my young disciples, or for my own pastime. Say, in a tone of fulmination, that I know not a jot of any thing whatsoever, and never shall, were I to spend all my future mornings at my desk, as I have customarily done these many years, both in town and country, and as I actually do, until the maid, or the bell, calls me to dinner. Cry out audaciously,

daciouſly, that I am a mere flatterer, a mere ſycophant, a mere parasite to the great and the rich, witneſs my paſt and preſent opulence. In ſhort, milky John, ſay and repeat undauntedly, and without any baſeful hesitation, whatever detraction may ſuggeſt, and wickedneſs can invent, with the ſole precaution of involving your abſtruſe meanings in myſterious words, and oracular phraſeology, for fear of accidents: and the Devil is in you, if in a ſhort time you do not acquire as great a name, and as extenſive a reputation, as Zoilus, Heroſtratus, Cartouche, or any other ſublime genius, that ever ſhone in ancient or modern times. By thus handling your pen with vigour and vehemence, I warrant you, Jack, that no man ſhall ever be able to beat it off your fingers with a fillip, though he were as ſtrong as Broughton of muſcular memory.

TOLON.

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE EIGHTH.

*Confiado en que es rico,
No há caído en que es borrico,*

Cervantes.

*Y borrico de pujanza,
Como aquel de Sancho Panza.*

Baretti.

IF my memory fails me not, you have
averred in one of our preceding inter-
locutions, that my Italian suits not at all
your refined taste, and you have given
besides your Divinity-Doctor repeated
hints, of your having a stock of that lan-
guage at home, not only sufficient to qua-
lify you for a Critic in it; but even to
make you produce, spick and span upon
any sudden call, a five-shilling book, or,
at the very least, a nice eighteen-penny-
pamphlet,

pamphlet; whatever some folks may think, who are, as yet, not so fully acquainted as yourself, with the dimensions of your Italian scientificness: and, as it happens, that the good Doctor is quite a stranger to the modern tongues, what can he do else, but nod assent and consent to your hints, and admit of your *averrations*, as perfectly unexceptionable? How can he answer you, in the words of our bonny *Don Miguel*,

*Pués como de lo que ignoras
Quieres mostrarte maestro?*

and how can he repeat to your face with a vigorous tone of voice, that energetic line of my *Luigi Pulci*,

Io non ti credere', stu fossi il Credo?

Whether, or no, the Doctor gobbles down whatever you tell him of yourself and of your great knowledge of Italian, I must say it again, that, as to me, to pin my faith upon any thing you *aver*, is

P

what

what I shall never do on a full gallop, were I even the owner of Mr. Kelly's best race-horses, maugre the high opinion I have and entertain of your unmatched veracity. Such are the times we live in, (as my good Gammer used to say) that easy believers are too often taken in by your *averring* gentry, and we want now-a-days accurately to spell their eyes and read their phiz, before we credit any thing they *aver*. For this, and other reasons, well known to myself, which I think indecent to give here, as I should prove more prolix, than a gentleman ought to be; and without presuming to prescribe the observation of my rules to others; I do protest in due form, that I will never swerve from that, which I have laid down for myself, of never buying any of my Jack's *averrations*, were he even willing to part with them at the low price of ten for an apple-fritter, as I know of no drug so bad and so useless in this wide world, as those his *averrations*, though they are sometimee as
 2 big,

big, as the water-melons at *Pistoja*, and other parts of Tuscany.

Actuated by such a rule, I must frankly tell you, Mr. John Bowle, that though your knowledge of the Italian Tongue were as extensive in breadth and in length, as the *Campagna di Roma*, the very *first specimen* you have given mankind of it, was but a scrubby specimen upon my honour! It was by great chance, that I discovered it in a dark nook of your letter to the Doctor, shrunk up into so short a line, that it does not exceed *seven words*, monosyllables, dissyllables, and polysyllables included: yet, though contracted to so diminutive a size, I will venture to *aver* in my turn, that, in the composing of it, you have committed no less than *three errors grammatical*, and *one idiomatical* over and above: and you must, or ought, to own and acknowledge with much compunction of heart to the whole congregation, that *three errors of grammar*, and *one bad idiom*, are rather too much, than too little, for a pygmy-line, that consists only of *seven*

words, which, taken in the lump, can scarce number *twelve syllables*. Do not give way to a qualm, my good Tolondron, when you come, as I hope you will, to read this *averration* of mine: and take care, above all things, not to grow angry at it; as anger signifies just nothing at all in such piteous cases as this: but, like a wise man as you are, make virtue of necessity; that is, make your profit of what I am going to remark upon your Specimen; no matter if it proves by the way, that you are as great a *Coglionaccio* in Italian, as you are a *Talondron* in Spanish; and no matter neither, if it demonstrates undeniably, that the bulbs, you have imported from Italy, are not yet ready to shoot forth into five-shillings-hyacinths, and eighteen-penny-jonquilles, on account of that horrid winter, that makes your intellectual garden look more like the territory of *Guanca-Vélica* in the Audience of *Quito*, than like the environs of the *Concepción* in that of *Chile*: and go you to read the works of *Don George Juan* and his traveling

ling companion, if you will get at the marrow of my comparisons, similies, and allusions, as I am in a hurry to come to the matter in hand without any further prefacing.

You wanted then to say of an Italian pickpocket, *that he stole his friend's watch*, as you expressed it with these very words in English : and, had you stopt short there, I should have nothing to say to your so saying, and the matter would be soon over, by only calling your pickpocket a sad dog, though a countryman of mine. But the Devil, that owes you more than one grudge, tempted you to go beyond your depth, and made you translate your scrap of English into Italian thus : *che furava il oriuolo del suo amico* ; and this is what one may call a divilish bad translation ; for, instead of *furava*, you ought in grammar to have said *furò*, because *furava* does not mean *stole*, which indicates an absolute act ; but means *was stealing*, which denotes a progressive act ; and an absolute act was what you wanted to ex-

prefs in Italian, as, by that word *stole*,
 you had expressed it in English: please
 then to grant, that, your using *furava* for
furò, and much good may it do you,—
 was a solecism.—Then the article *il* is ne-
 ver in our grammar placed before any noun
 (no matter whether substantive or adjecti-
 ve) that begins with a vowel. Read over
 again each one of your *seven and twenty* Ita-
 lian books, all quoted in your *Comento*,
 along with all those, that *Fontanini*, and his
 corrector *Apostolo Zeno*, have noted down
 in their catalogues of Italian books: and I
 will submit to have my few remaining
 grinders to be drawn by any tobacconist,
 cheese-monger, or rat-catcher of your ac-
 quaintance, if you find *only once*, in any one
 of them, the article *il* placed before any
 noun that begins with a vowel, as *oriuolo*
 does. Our grammar, when the article is
 wanted before such nouns, bids us to use
 the article *lo*, sometimes abbreviated, some-
 times not: and this is *a rule never to be*
transgressed; nor ever was it, indeed, ever
 since the times of *Guittone d'Arezzo* to the
 present

present day, which takes in a space of about five centuries. An Italian ear rejects the harsh sound of *il oriuolo, il amore, il effetto, il universo, et sic de cæteris*: therefore you ought to have said *l' oriuolo*, an abbreviation of *lo oriuolo*; and, by so doing, you would have avoided your second solecism. Do you grant this, Jack?—Then, the genitive does not follow the accusative of the verb *furare*, which requires a dative: so that, instead of *del*, preposed to the possessive pronoun *suo*, you ought to have preposed *al*, which would have kept you from breaking the knee-pan of your Italian leg, as you tumbled upon this your third solecism.—Then, the pronoun *suo* is *unidiomatical*, as well as superfluous in your phrase, besides that it disgusts the ear, on account of the *hiatus* caused by the meeting of the *o* of *suo*, and the *a* of *amico*.—You ought, therefore, to have translated your English pygmy-line grammatically and idiomatically thus: *che furò l' oriuolo all' amico*; a translation so easy and obvious, that nobody, but a *Coglionaccio* like you,

could have missed. Let me add to all this, that, if you had even translated your English pygmy-line in the grammatical and idiomatical manner I have done, still you would not have proved a great conjurer, as our verb *furare* belongs to our poetry, not to our prose, because it has an antiquated and Latin look. But let me not be too nice with such a Tolondron as you, and allow, for shortness-sake, of the verb you employed, though that of *rubare* had been the proper verb in your case. And now —.down on your marrow-bones, you great *Tol* and *Dron*, and humbly thank me for my gracious condescension in stooping so low, as to give a Tol-ro-lol like you so long, so perspicuous, and so useful a lesson of Italian; and confess without any delay, and in an audible tone, to the whole congregation, that all your past vaunting of Italian knowledge, was nothing but an impudent sham, nothing but arrant imposture, nothing but a mountebank's bragging; and that you know little more of it, than an Italian *Gimmerro*; as you yourself have here proved beyond

beyond all possibility of negation; that you have not yet attained the first rudiments of our grammar, and the first ideas of our idiom, though you have been plodding and plodding a considerable part of your life at your *seven and twenty* books, pompously enumerated in your foolish *Comento*.

Very large is likewise the quantity of Italian verses and bits of Italian prose, transported in that, foolish *Comento* from your *seven and twenty* Italian books; the greatest part so wretchedly spoilt in the transportation, that, were the luckless fathers of those verses and proses (pardon me this plural) to see them again, I question whether they would know their respective children, so rife are their errors there, because you have lopped a letter or a syllable from a word, added one to another, misplaced or omitted this and that accent, and punctuated every thing throughout with such a want of skill, that a country-booby, just come to town to commence carpenter or cobbler, could not have
done

done worse. And shall I tell you, that, in the four lines out of Ariosto, quoted in the 25th page of your Letter, you have committed no less, than six sins of orthography? Never did I fret and fume so much in all my born days, as when I found so large a quantity of my unfortunate native language so intolerably mangled and mutilated in your foolish *Comento*! Nay, to reveal to you one of my important secrets, many a time have I been most liberal of strange epithets to Mr. Commentator, while looking at that cursed farrago of quotations, made there by him, for the sole sake of looking very grand in his character of Italianist. Expect not however, that I will set about proving my *averrations* on this head, with a single example out of the cursed farrago; because a pretty large number of those errors I have pointed out to my disciples, while I was reading Don Quixote with them, and noted innumerable in the spacious margins of your edition, which is enough for me: and, if it should not be enough for you,

Master

Master Jack, you have but to send any body you chuse, to look at those my marginal notes any day in the morning, from ten till three, during three months after the publication of these sheets, as this, and no more, is what I can do, towards curing you of your dropfical vanity about Italian, if the above correction of your first specimen proves inefficacious. I am not so unskilful an apothecary neither, as to puke my English readers with an account, that would prove useless, of the Italian prose and verse you have chopped and disfigured in your Comment. No English reader, but what has already had patience enough, if he has read all, that I have been writing, down to this cross, that I make here + ; and, were I to pester him with an *errata* as long as Bond-street, sure am I, that he would fling my speeches into the fire, with a curse a-piece to you and me; and that is what I will avoid, if I can, that you and I may never have any thing in common. Errata, or no errata, cease you great Tolondron, to wrestle with me
on

on account of the language of Italy, as you shall certainly get nothing, but falls upon falls, and overthrows upon overthrows. You know the meaning of many Italian words, especially when you refresh your memory by recurring every minute to my Dictionary: but, without it, a-ground you are, as sure as a gun. Were you however to get that my Dictionary as well by heart, as the Carmelite Nuns have the *Ave Maria*, still it would be to no purpose, as you have not, nor ever will have, the dexterity of mind, that is required, to put words of Italian, or of any other foreign language, tight together, totally deprived, as you are, of that natural musicalness of ear, that makes people distinguish in a twinkle, the nightingale and the sky-lark from the owl and the cuckoo. To end this matter at once, and to shew you that I can talk as big as you, and bigger when I am behind the parapet of reason, I command thee, Jack Tolondron tolondronissimo, in the name of the Academy *Della Crusca*, to believe
for

for the future, that in point of Italian, I am an elephant, a rhinoceros, when compared to thee, poor cock-chaffer and dung-beetle, that thou art! And so, dare no more to plague me with thy quackish talk about Italian, whereof thou knowest little more, than I could teach a parrot in a twelve-month, were my Dictionary once taken from thee, and fairly flung down a hole in thy back-yard, that I will not name.

You give yourself likewise very great airs, *Monsieur de Tolondron*, with respect to French, and want to make your neighbours in the country believe, that you can even cope with an *Ablancourt* and a *Vaugelas*. To obtain this end, you quote, *à tort et à travers*, French verses and French prose, and give your opinion of French authors with as much audacity, as if you had been heir at law to *Messieurs Baillet* and *Boileau Despreaux*. Fine doings these, *mon cher Marquis de la Tolondroniere*! but, by great goodluck, you never as yet honoured us with the least *petit morceau* of French,
out

out of that much, that you have been devouring these many years : No; we have, as yet, not seen the least *petite fricassée* of your own cookery, though, for what I know, you may be as good a *Cuisinier* as the *Sieur Martiale* of nice-roasting memory : and, so far, *le Baron de Tolondrognac* is as safe, as an *escargot* in his winter-shell. Gueffing however at the deepness of your skill this way, by the blunders you committed in copying the French you have quoted here and there ; and, what is still a surer plummet, by the general and uniform tenour of your dulness and tolondronery, when you hold forth on the subject of languages ; I have reason *à foison* to suspect, that you are as yet far from being a *Nostradamus* in that language, and just as fit, as a Lithuanian Bear, to skip a sprightly *Cotillon*, or pace a graceful *Aimable Vainqueur*, which is an *undertaking*, please your Tolondronship, that must be left to your charming English Misses, who have not an ounce of Bear's fat about their nimble bodies ; not to you, that have so many pounds.

pounds. Belie me, notwithstanding, if you dare, and write and print but one pigmy-line of French, as you have done of Italian : and I will presently let you know, *flans pede in uno*, whether you are sufficiently *frisé et poudré*, for to go and hold converse at Paris *au Caffé de Procope*, or only qualified to be a waiter à l' *Hôtel de Port-Mahon dans la Rue Jacob*.

But, in your opinion, your fort is Spanish : and it is when you talk of Spanish, that you vault, and leap, and curvet, and prance, and kick, and neigh, like a frisky colt *en las debessas de Andalucia* ; Anglicé, *in the launds of Andalusia* ! It is when you are in Spain, that you cry out with a joyful exultation : *Mire la mosqueteria, como bien bago my papél* ! “ See, ye Gods above, / what a clever fellow I am ” !—It is there, Jack, that the *Fandangos*—

Stop, stop, Domine Barette ! stop a moment, and recollect yourself ! Can't we be calm, and talk like men of sense, without suffering ourselves to be run away with, by silly antipathies, and ridiculous animosities !

fities ! You, Baretti, who have long piqued yourself on your unbiaſſed uprightneſs and abſolute candour, whenever you have ſet about criticifing, or cenſuring, any body's works, (which, by the bye, is what I never did in writing, but when my indignation was raiſed to the higheſt pitch) will you, *Signior*, ſo far debaſe your character, as to inſiſt, that John Bowle has *no knowledge at all* of the Spaniſh Tongue ? Will you do as he does, that cuts you down at once with the greateſt effrontery, and *aſſures* and *avers*, that you know nothing at all of this, nothing at all of that, nothing at all of t'other thing ?

No, no, John ! Baretti will never be like you in any one thing, if the grace of God fails him not ! Never will I ſpeak of friend or foe, when put to it, contrary to what I really think, were I to live upon nothing, but brown bread and muſty bacon the years of Methuſelah. Never will I liſten to paſſion when reaſon ſpeaks. No, never, as long as I ſee God's light. I ſay therefore of your Spaniſh, as of your French

French and Italian, that you know many and many words, possibly (within ten or twelve) all the words in Don Quixote, especially when your Dictionaries are spread open before you: but, granting you thus much is not at all allowing, that you know the Spanish Tongue. To know many words, and to know a language, are two different things, though the second requires the first. The nice craft of clothing your thoughts with Spanish words and phrases, in which the knowledge of a Tongue consists; the Spanish *gracias* and *chistes*, the Spanish *donaires* and *sainetes*; the Spanish *primor* and *gracejo*: in short, the true and genuine Spanish modes of expression are to you impenetrable *barruecos* and *matorrales*, and will be as long as you breathe. The great secret of *indolem frugum et Hispana semina conservare*, you never could learn, and never will, were you to sag twenty years longer about *Aldrete*, *Covarrubias*, *Nebrixa*, *Ribadeneira*, the *Academicians' Dictionary*, and your other Spanish books, with those to boot, that are registered in the *Biblioteca Española* of Don *Nicolas Antonio*.

Q

Nature

Nature has given you a mind of portland-stone; and the *Castellano castizo* you will know as soon as you will the Malabaric and the Chinese. Your ridiculous *Comment*, and your most foolish *Preface* to it, are irrefragable proofs of my affirmation; leaving aside the beggarly poverty of your thoughts and ideas in that Preface, and the miserable misery of your method in impinguating that Comment (subjects, that would have yielded spontaneously luxuriant crops of thoughts and ideas to any other man), and considering only the manner, in which you expressed your few and lousy conceptions, it is scarce possible to keep from growing peevish, and abstain from scolding, as some ladies will do at times, on seeing their finest china broken at once by the awkward elbow of their chambermaids. Your Spanish is worse than that of the Biscayan Groom, who fell by the powerful arm of Don Quixote; as the Groom had a meaning in his broken Spanish, which is what you scarce ever have in yours. Your Spanish is a hodge-podge
of

of words, that never before saw each other so damnably stewed together. No grammar, no idiom, nothing at all, or (to say better) nothing, but a Hottentot-mess, that no Spanish esophagus could swallow a spoonful of, without vomiting the bowels. But, again!—How can I, without putting my reader out of all patience, present to his eyes the stunted limbs, the distorted gait, the clumsy attitudes of your monkey-periods! I know you will say, that this is pure invective, the language of malignity, a mere effusion of ill-will, on account of the villainous falsehoods you have told of me in your daily converse, in your epistolary correspondence with more than one, in your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, and in your four seraps to Mr. Urban. No, no, Mr. John Bowle! You deceive yourself. I am not like you in any thing! I never say of friend or foe, but what I think; and I say it, when violently urged to it, as I am now. Were you my bosom-friend, my panegyrist, my flatterer; as observant of me, as any spaniel of his

maſter's nod, ſtill I would honeſtly tell you, that your Spaniſh is a damned Spaniſh, in caſe you ſhould aſk my opinion of it with affectionate importunity. No, Mr. Bowle, and no again ! On the odd ſuppoſition you were my beſt friend, never would I put it in your power to ſay, that Baretti approves of your Spaniſh. After having read your Preface, I would rather be cut into quarters, and broiled on a green-wood-fire by a New-Zealand cannibal, than give my ſanction to your Spaniſh, if aſked my opinion in earneſt by my ſuppoſed friend Bowle : and you may well expect, that, having now taken into your ſilly numſkull to ſhow yourſelf my foe, I will, whenever occaſion ſhall offer, tell you and every body elſe, and without any gag, what I think of you and your Spaniſh. You ſtill inſiſt upon my proving what I advance : but you inſiſt in vain ; and, were you twice as Demotheſenical, as *Janotus de Bragmardo*, that obtained the reſtitution of the bells from *Gargantua* by the irrefiſtible force of his

his unmatched oration, never could you persuade me to set about doing such a thing; besides, that the nature of the subject scarcely admits of proofs one way, or the other, without embarking on an Atlantic of discussions, to no other purpose at last, but to discover a dreary continent, of which the soil has produced nothing these *twenty years*, but weeds, and vetches, and tares, and burs, and docks, and papaverous flowers, of no use in any thing to any body alive or dead. Take me a reader of spirit and taste, to such a promising land, if you dare! Pox on your Preface! It is no more feasible for you to prove it good, than for me to prove it bad! Neither can be done without blotting so many reams, as to make the tax on paper the most productive of all taxes. What expedient shall we then contrive, to settle this mighty affair between us? Let us come to a compromise, Mr. Bowle, and let us choose an umpire. Go you yourself to the Spanish ambassador's house, and ask for any of his people, no matter

whether the secretary, the chaplain, the butler, or the cook. You will easily find access to any of them: and the first on whom you light will prove so obliging, as to hear what you have to say. I know the Spaniards better than you, and I can tell you, that they are polite and obliging, ninety-nine in a hundred. With your Preface in your left hand, and your broad beaver in the right, (or the reverse if you choofe) acquaint with your errand whom you meet first, by telling him, that
 “there is a person, who wants to know,
 “whether the contents of that paper (quotations excluded) are expressed in Spanish or not, and beg of him to give you
 “in writing, a declaration of his opinion,
 “no matter whether for or against.”

Should such a declaration prove in your favour, I promise you that I will knock under, and presently give you another with my name affixed to it, that, as to Spanish, and any thing else you please, I am nothing, but a false pretender, an imposing quack, a tolondron, an afs
 from

from head to tail, whatever any body may allege to the contrary.—But, on the other hand, should the declaration go against you, what will you forfeit? A rump and dozen? No; because I will eat and drink no more with you, as, having done so *twice*, is more than enough. Will you forfeit your Aldrete? Your Nebrixa? Your Covarruvias? Your Ribadeneira? That you will think too great a stake against so trifling a thing as my literary reputation; though it had been greatly better for you, never to have seen their covers, for the good that they have done you. Well! forfeit but a tester, to be given in alms to the first beggar in your parish you meet, to make him stare at your liberality. Can I propose fairer conditions? But, hold! There is your *sensible friend*, who knows Spanish, as you have hinted: there is *Baron Dillon*, to whom Captain Crookshanks advised you to go, because he speaks Spanish fluently; and there is the *Honourable Person*, who spoke of your *Prologo* in terms of approbation, as you affirmed to

the same Captain Crookshanks. Send me a declaration from any one of the three in your favour, and you shall have mine forthwith in the above conformity, and without an hour's delay, with my full consent to publish it in the daily papers, or in any magazine you shall please, at my own expence, to reconcile the accumulation of your new honours with your habitual parsimony.

But your Preface, and my having named here Captain Crookshanks, put me in mind, that I have a few words to say to the reader in his behalf, as you have joined him to me in your silly letter to the Divinity-Doctor.

Who is then Captain Crookshanks? Is he a man of literature? Is he a linguist? Is he one of your scribbling gentry? An Editor? A Commentator? A Prologomonger?

Nothing of all this, you peremptory interrogator! He is a respectable gentleman, ten years older than myself, who am nearer seventy than sixty; a man that
reads

reads for his amusement ; a man that knows more of French a great deal than of Latin ; and a man, that has read many times over in the original, both *Don Quixote*, and the *Novelas Exemplares* : yet of no pretensions at all in the Spanish language, and many leagues far from assuring, that he can fluently read the poetry of *Don Luis de Góngora*, or any other Spanish poetry. As to his other qualifications, he is a true British tar, that speaks his mind roundly, and without mincing matters ; loves a good joke as well as a cheering cup ; and, please your honours, would also love a pretty lass, if the profound respect, due to his own white hair, and to a few wrinkles on each side of his face 'tween his eyes and his temples, did not absolutely forbid any thing of that there kind : nay, if you are all unanimous in the desire of knowing him as well as I do myself, he has, every day in the week, a better dinner than *Don Quixote* had on Sundays, prefers Welch mutton to Lancashire mutton, eats his beef-steaks with

with chlotte, drinks two dishes of strong coffee after his afternoon-nap, and was but t'other day cheapening a forty pounds horse for his own riding.

But, what brings him this way, and what has he to do with Mr. Bowle, or Tolondron, as you call him?

Poco a poco, Mr. Peremptory, say I in my own lingo, which does not mean *bocus pocus*, as a merry Gloucester-gentleman of my acquaintance explained it t'other day; but means *tout doucement* in French; and is tantamount to *fair and soft* in English. If you will but have half an ounce of patience, and let me speak in my turn, you shall know every thing, from the mast-head down to the kelson.

Did I not hint to you, yesterday above-stairs, that our Mr. Bowle has written a letter to a Divinity-Doctor (probably an ideal doctor) about the *extraordinary conduct of the Knight of the Ten Stars, and his Italian Esquire*? I am sure I told it you yesterday, or the day before, in the drawing-room, or the room adjoining.

Now,

Now, my good Sir, you must know, that, by *the Knight of the Ten Stars*, Mr. Bowle means Captain Crookshanks; and, by his *Italian Esquire*, means your most obedient. Why the Tolondron has thus nick-named us, he may tell 'in his next *Comento*; as in the same letter to his Doctor, this enigma is not deciphered, nor one word said about Knights, about Stars, or about Esquires, that may lead any body to the discovery of the abstruse meaning of the two appellations bestowed upon us in the title-page. Some conceit à la *Tolondronne*, there is no doubt of that: but, what it is, I know just as well as yourself. Be those appellations very witty, or very stupid, with a meaning, or without a meaning, I would not, for half a crown, set about to unriddle riddles, especially a Tolondron's riddles. You see then, my dear, that Captain Crookshanks has as much to do here as Spadille at quadrille, and Pam at loo: and the following story will tell you the cogent reason I had for taking him by the hand, and respectfully presenting

presenting him *coram Patrum Conscriptorum maxime colendo timendoque Confessu*; that is, before a club of English Reviewers, ready to broil me upon the gridiron of criticism, *quod Caelum avertat!*

The Captain, in the days of yore, has been an intimate friend to our tolondrionic hero: and being, as I said, none of your alembick-critics in Spanish, and hearing Mr. Bowle incessantly descant on his own great skill in that tongue; and finding that the man could talk glibly about Don Quixote and Sancho; and moreover, that now and then he could recal the meaning of a Spanish word, that had run away from his capitanick memory; the Captain, I say, took it for granted, that Mr. Bowle was as good an Hispanist as any *marinero viejo*, or *old sailor*, that ever put on trowsers in the good ship *Santa Maria de los Milagros*, and could find his way, if desired, through the *Zaburda de Pluton*; not very topographically described by the whimsical *Quevedo*.—And *Zaburda de Pluton* means no more, than *Pluto's Hogsty*; and

and Pluto is the god in the kitchen below, very well known to those Eton-boys, that have plunged deep into the waters of mythology, and carefully read the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, Mr. Ward's *Pantheon*, or the *Abbé Robertel's Dieux des anciens Grecs*, translated into English, I know not by whom, if ever translated into it.

The odd notion, that Mr. Bowle was a confounded good Hispanist, had been so hard hammered into the Captain's *glandula pinealis*, that, wrench it out with your forceps, if you can! No such thing indeed, were you a Cheseelden, or a Pott! You could no more have done it, than knockt off St. Paul's cupola with a stroke of your cravat! But Old Nick, who is always on the *qui vive*, to embroil matters between friends—witness Omiah, who, by beating me at chess, was the unthought-of cause,—Zooks! can't you go on without your nasty digressions? Well then: Old Nick contrived it with such subtilty, that Mr. Bowle wrote his Spanish preface, and carried it to the Captain for his

his opinion. Can I tell you so much in fewer words?

It is habitual with the Captain, when going to do any important thing, to rub his hands briskly against each other, take a very decent pinch out of his oval silver-box, that always lays by upon his writing-table, and clap then his spectacles on his own nose. Did he do so, or did he not, on this occasion? Historians are quite silent on this particular, and so, I cannot say whether he did, or not; nor know what to believe about it. What I believe is, that he gave the preface an attentive perusal: then returned it to the author with these formal words: "Master Bowle, this *Prologo* will damn your edition at once."

Reader, I will not give what is called in French a *picaillon* for thy imagination, if thou guessest not instantly, how high the man jumped at this unexpected epiphonema. Poor fellow! He quaked and snorted liked a cart-horse, that suddenly treads upon a black snake, and oped both
his

his eyes so wide, that a common tea-cup is not much larger at the upper orifice ! However, his vigorous pride and sturdy good opinion of himself, soon bringing about a recovery of his spirits, made him ask with a hollow and globular voice, what was the matter with him, that he treated the *Prologo* with that unaccountable contempt ? “ Look ye, replied the captain : “ Contempt has nothing to do here, Master Bowle, as you know, that I could “ not, for the world, write you a better : “ and you know too, that I can’t point “ out the errors that are in this, because “ my store of Spanish runs but short for “ such an expedition. But, so much will “ I tell you, Bowle, that this ear of “ mine (*and probable laid hold of the lower* “ *lobe of his left ear*) tells me, that this here “ *Prologo* is no more Spanish than it is “ Irish. Go you to our friend Baron Dillon, who has been long in Spain, and “ speaks the language fluently : Go to “ him, Master Bowle, with your *Prologo*, “ beg of him to correct it, and give him

“ *Carte blanche*. Many things in it he will
 “ blot, I am sure : but, the more, the
 “ better. Then take your *Prologo* back
 “ home, write it fairly over again, and
 “ carry it to some Spaniard or other, for
 “ another correction : then print it in
 “ God’s name, and welcome. You will
 “ have the whole honour of it, Bowle;
 “ and no body a whit the wiser.”

This, Mr. John Bowle, is, within a
 hair’s breadth, what Captain Crookshanks
 has told me with regard to you and your
Prologo, when I asked him the reason of
 your actual great enmity to him, after
 having been very good friends during many
 years : and you yourself, in your Letter
 to the Divinity-Doctor, strongly corroborate
 his account by these very silly words :
 “ On showing him *my Prologo*, the wea-
 “ ther-cock of his opinion veered about,
 “ and he at once told me, that *it would*
 “ *damn the whole work*. On mentioning
 “ him *an honourable Person’s* speaking of it *in*
 “ *terms of approbation*, he turned a deaf ear.
 “ *Gad,*

"'Gad, said he, if it stands as it now does,
"it will damn your whole work!"

Find who can, any contradiction in these two accounts, as I am so vastly dull, that I cannot find any. They seem to me to meet each other as nicely, as the two blades of a scissor just come from the grinder. The comedy of the *Simillimi*, by St. Patrick!

But, what use, Master Bowle, did you make of the captain's good advice? Conceited, infatuated, ridiculous Tolondron! Positively sure, lapideously sure, that your *Prologo* was a diamond of the first water.—A *Prologo* not a jot inferior to that of Cervantes to the *Desocupado Letor*.—You rejected scornfully the captain's advice, turned your back upon him, went away in the dumps, began to mutter about, that he was not the man you took him for, and grew sparing of your visits at Penton. Your spleen began thus to simmer in the caldron of disappointment: and to make it bubble up, not a word of praise from any quarter; and, what was still worse, no

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body

body called with poor three guineas in his hand, for Bowle's *edition of Don Quixote*, either in London, in Salisbury, at Idmiston, or any where else in the world. Then my unlucky planet managed it so, that I went to spend a summer in your neighbourhood; and the unavoidable accident of the *marginal notes* came about, that made Steropes, Brontes, and Pyracmon, blow the bellows with such haste and fury, as not only to make the caldron boil over, but set at once the whole house in a conflagration, to the great terror of all the inhabitants, as neither fire-engines, nor fire-men, were within reach, by I don't know how many miles!

Pshaw! Hang your hodge-podges of Greek and English metaphors, or what do you call 'em! Hang Pyracmon and his brethren! Can't you speak plain, and hang you too!

Hush, hush, good people! I will do so anon; but, so crammed with learning am I, that, at times, it will burst out through the crevices of my skin; or ooze, at least,

at the pores of it : and I can no more help it, than I can fly, though ever so willing to please you.

Well : you may remember, Master Tolondron, how enraged you were against the captain, on account of his riding out every morning, sometimes on horse-back, sometimes in his little one-horse-chaise, for no other purpose, than to come to my two disciples, that he might hear my Spanish lessons to them : and, as he is a free-spoken gentleman, he made no scruple to approve of them to your very face, and in the very midst of the hop-fair, even when it was most crowded ; as by this time he had pretty well found out, that the cock he had thought all along a game-cock was but a dastard dunghill-cock. A horrible grievance this, and by no means to be apathically borne, as my lessons were a manifest encroachment upon your indubitable right, of knowing alone the language of Spain. To vindicate your exclusive patent, and put a stop to so scandalous a violation of that right, you began

to scheme, then to broach, then wrote, then printed, then published, that masterpiece of a letter, wherein you laid before your Doctor, and the public, your reasons, why you know Spanish, and I know it not; telling them besides, of your old friend's *extraordinary conduct*, and as how he had the ill-manners of giving you a sound and wholesome piece of advice, which, in your well-chewed opinion, was an act little short of high-treason, and well deserving the most serious consideration of King, Lords, and Commons, in Parliament assembled.

This, Master John, is the doleful, woe-ful, mournful, rueful story of your present implacable and unconquerable enmity to Captain Crookshanks, against whom you have not been able to bring any other charge, but that he gave you good advice; a heinous crime indeed, to assume so princely a prerogative, and well deserving one, two, and even three hecatombs of captains, with a due proportion of lieutenants, on the broad altar of your infernal humility!

Good

Good advice to such a personage as Mr. Bowle ! How the devil could a Captain come to fancy and to suppose that John Bowle wanted good advice, especially about a matter of such magnitude as a Spanish Prologo ? Rot his Captainship and his good advice ! John Bowle of Idmestone—John Bowle the Editor—John Bowle the Commentator, never wanted good advice from Captains, or from Admirals. By gander ! John Bowle of Idmestone will have no good advice from any body in breeches, or with petticoats on ! Ay ! but what will John Bowle of Idmestone have ? Have ! What a question ! He will have approbation and admiration. Do you hear him, you individuals of this nation ! Give him approbation and admiration without the least hesitation ; or every one of you shall suffer laceration and amputation in his reputation, by calumniation and misrepresentation from the arrantest dolt throughout the creation !

However, what your Tolondronship said of the Captain, in words, in epistolary

correspondence, and, at last, in print, was but gingerbread and barley-sugar to what you said of poor me, when you did me the honour to create me his esquire, after having dubbed him knight ! Garlick and onions ! Far from being that polite gentleman you had taken and mistaken me for, on our first interview at a bookseller's, I was—What ? *That man* (said you in an elegant epistle to the Captain), *that man, by the uniform account of all that know him, is a bad man ; which I believe, that I may not affect a singularity of sentiment.* The epistle is dated so far back as May 19, 1783. Do you recollect the penning of it ? And, to show your belief of that *uniform account*, which, in my humble opinion, had no origin, but in the exemplary goodness of your incorrupted heart, always averse to slander, and brimful of Christian principles ; to show that belief, I say, you fell a calling me, in your daily converse, by all the pretty names in the English language, that begin with an *R*, and an *S* ; and did it with such a volubility of tongue, as if
you

you had been twenty years professor of Ruffianology and Goddamnology in the celebrated University of St. Giles's. In your epistolary allusions, I was *an Italian assassin*, by the *uniform account* of all that knew me; and in your printed ribaldry, *a man that would say any thing, to serve the purposes of the most seculent part of mankind; a professed sycophant; a general slanderer; a needy villain, a pickpocket, and an atrocious culprit, escaped from the gallows by Doctor Johnson's absurd apologies, false depositions, and wilful perjuries.* To corroborate these, and other such *averrations*, you called to witness, not only *Valerius Maximus*, but also *Mr. Warton on Spenser, Bishop Hare's Difficulties and Discouragements, Dryden's Miscellanies, Sir Edward Dering's cardinal Virtues of a Carmelite Friar, Aulus Gellius, Erasmus*, and others, whose names I have now forgotten: and you even produced two or three scraps, *well glued into one*, out of my own *Frusta Letteraria*, written in Italy four and twenty years ago, whereby you proved, that I am *a man full of ignorance and wickedness; a sly, petulant, impudent bully and pol-*

troon ; a mad and dissolute fool ; a man adorned with every abominable endowment.—And why, my dear, all this desperate delirium ?—*Caro Idolo mio*, why all this rant of a drunken lunatic ? Forsooth ! Because I made *notes in the margins* of a Spanish book ! Was ever a juster, and a more cogent motive, for a man's making an Ourang-outang of himself !

Let us suppose, notwithstanding, that I have brought *myself in my Frustra Letteraria* an irrefragable testimonial against myself : let us suppose, that *Mr. Warton, Aulus Gellius, Dryden, Bishop Hare, the Carmelite Friar*, and the rest, deposed truly to my *abominable endowments* : let us suppose, that the *uniform account* of your learned and polite acquaintance was a faithful transcript of St. Mark or St. Luke's Gospel : let us suppose, that *Valerius Maximus* was as good a prophet as Habakkuk or Jeremiah : What reason had you, Mr. John Bowle, to fall foul of Doctor Johnson ? When you paid him the first, and only visit
you

you ever paid him, with a design to turn him, if possible, into a panegyrist and proclaimer of your *great undertaking*, it must be allowed to his eternal shame, that he did not guess flap-dash at your being the most dazzling luminary in the bright constellation of the literary heroes of the day : of course did not exhaust his lungs, as you expected he should, in hyperbolical commendations of you and your *great undertakings*, and only treated you with that respect, that is commonly paid by gentlemen, to other gentlemen, who present themselves dressed in black, with a wig on their heads, and a book of their own inditing in their hands. And you grow angry at such behaviour ? And his going no further than that, enrages you to frantickness and desperation ? Yet, so it is, that, as soon as gone to the blessed place, where he may possibly never receive a second visit from you, you give way to that frantickness and desperation ; and, to be even with him, besmeare his tomb with your bestial ordure. Oh, heavenly powers !

Such

Such a man as Samuel Johnson write speeches, and speak apologies, in favour of the most atrocious delinquents! Samuel Johnson tell lies, forswear himself, and accuse some most respectable individuals, of having joined with him in an infamous testimonial? Go, Bowle; go straightways to Westminster-Abbey; prostrate yourself by the sacred stone that covers his revered remains; strike repentingly your hard skull against it, no matter if it cracks; and expiate by ardent prayer and fervourous obsecration, the hellish pollution you have committed; swearing to the injured manes of that good man, that you will endeavour for the future to govern better the wild turbulence of your passions! This is the advice, Mr. Bowle, that a real friend to human nature can give you upon that your *most extraordinary conduct*. Do you receive it more thankfully than that given you by Captain Crookshanks, on an occasion of much less moment: and God be with you with all my heart!

T O L O N.

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE NINTH.

Ecoutez, Vidaze, que le malubec vous trousse ! Je vous prie, qu'entre nous n'y ait débat, ni tumulte, et que ne cherchons honneur, ni applaudissement ; mais la vérité seule.

Rabelais.

THE Spanish language, like the French and the Italian, to be read easily and properly, requires accents on many of its syllables ; otherwise, a reader will fall at every step into laughable equivocations, and utter altogether a jargon unintelligible : nor can any body place the accents on the right syllables, if not acquainted with the pronunciation, which is also the case in Italian and in French.

To give but a few instances of the necessity, as well as of the power of the accents with regard to Spanish, write, for example, the word *dexo* without one ;
and

and it means *I leave* : but place an accent on the *o*, and make it *dexo* ; and it means *be left*. Nor is only the meaning of the word thus changed by the power of that accent ; but also the pronunciation ; as in the first case, the two syllables *de* and *no* take an equal time in the utterance, and no kind of stress is laid upon either ; but, in the second case, a stress is laid on the second syllable *xò* ; and we must utter it with more force and quickness than the *do*, which precedes it. Thus, write *séria* and *vária*, accented on the *e* of *se*, and the *a* of *va*, they are both adjectives of two syllables each : place the accents on their *i*'s, and make them *seria* and *varia* , and they are both verbs of three syllables each. One instance more : *Hácia* is a dissyllable preposition. Write *Hacia*, and you make it a three-syllable verb.

My sweet friend Jack Bowle, who, by his own confession, frequently repeated, and in a bragging manner, rather than taking shame to himself : Jack, I say, who never could speak a Spanish sentence in his life,

life, but learnt the little he knows of it, in his closet by himself, nor ever asked any body's advice about his *great undertaking*; a big name he calls his edition by, as if reprinting and commenting Don Quixote, were a perforation of Mount Caucasus through and through: Jack, I say for the third time, has not even an idea about the Spanish pronunciation, nor about the accentuation, that regulates the reading of Spanish: therefore, throughout the edition and the comment, has placed the accents as the teatotum of his grandson directed; for he knew (by looking night and day into Spanish books) that, mean what they will, accents are wanting on many Spanish words: and, in consequence of this acute observation, he placed a good many here and there, as the teatotum directed, throughout the book; and the teatotum, I must say it, to his immortal honour, has sometimes whirled the right way, and turned up the propitious side: but, upon the whole, has proved so untoward, that, in every one of the pages, not one except-

ed,

ed, throughout his *six quarto Volumes*, and pretty often in every line of every page, the accents are all placed in the wrong places, or they are omitted, which is as good an equivalent : and I, who foresaw that this would be the case, when I gave a transitory glance to one of his revises, the day we dined together at the tavern in Holborn, and pitied the blunder he was going to commit, which I was sure would annihilate his edition, made free to offer him my service in the correction of his sheets; and would, for the mere sake of literature, have looked them over with pleasure : but, forsooth ! the proud Tolondron, who did not even suspect he had need of such a pair of crutches, rejected the offer, as *he never trusted his correction to any body, but himself*. Well : he has trusted it to his great self, to his knowing self ! But, what was the consequence ? He laid out several hundred pounds in the purchase of water-bubbles, which are no very merchantable commodity; made his ignorance known to many, to whom it was a secret; quarrelled with his friends,

friends, because they would no longer believe him a great Hispanist; and worked himself into a brown humour, that is likely to last to his dying day, if wine and gin copiously drank do not help to remove it. Is this tolondronery, or cauliflower? Give me leave, I beg, to call it tolondronery double-distilled, and no cauliflower at all.

The word *Parecera*, which is *the very first* of the *Prólogo* damned by Captain Crookshanks, happens to be no word at all, because it wants an accent on the last *a*, to inform the reader at once, that it is the third person singular of the indicative future of the verb *Parecer*, which means *to appear, to seem*. Try this simple experiment, if you want to verify this *averration* of mine. Write his word upon a bit of paper, and present it to a Spaniard. The Spaniard will read *Parecéra*, as if it rhymed with *mollera, madera, calavera*, and other words that end in *era*; and say, that he supposes it the name of something unknown to him. Take your bit of paper back, place the due accent, and make it *Parecerá*; and the Spaniard

niard will presently say, that it is the said future. Without an idea about the necessity and use of the Spanish accents, were Mr. Jack to read a page of Spanish, what a delightful gabble he would make of it ! A Spaniard would no more understand him, than if he were reading the book of necromancy, written in Runish characters by Satan himself, and presented to *Pierro d'Abano*, the famous Salernitan Conjuror ; as Mr. Jack would pronounce the vowels in the English way, greatly different from the Spanish way, and utter his syllables in an even and monotonous manner ; yet, so thick is the film on his mind's eye, that he never could to this day perceive this colossal error throughout his edition and comment ; and how difficult, if not impossible, it is, for any body, Spanish or English, Greek or Pomeranian, Christian or Jew, to read his book fluently ; of course, to read it with satisfaction ; no body having in his brains that imaginary system of reading, which Jack, somehow or other, must have fabricated in his own.

But,

But, hear him, hear him ! He asks me, whether, or not, I can read his book myself ? And I answer, that I can read it, and can understand it too. Yet, what does that signify ? I can read and understand it, because I have read Don Quixote several times before and after he schemed and executed his edition, and because I can read and understand any Spanish book, full as well as I do any Italian book. This, however, I will have him know, that, if I read Don Quixote in any edition but his, I read on, and never stop a moment : but, if I read it in his, I must stop here and there, on account of the bad orthography (and accenting is a part of orthography), and read this and that passage twice, that I may make out the meaning : and, if his edition stops a veteran reader, who shaved his chin these fifty years, consider how a poor reader must be stopt, that has as yet no whiskers peeping out under any part of his nose !

Yet, the Tolondron stands up stoutly for his edition, as the *ne plus ultra* of perfection,

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fection, and wonders at folks being so fractious, as not to buy it in a hurry : nor can he bring himself to conceive, that this happens, because the very first glance informs them, that it is the *ne plus ultra* of imperfection : nay, it is an even wager, that he will persist in his notion, even when he shall have read these speeches, as his tolondronery keeps constantly a-breast of his opinion of himself; an opinion so very high, that, if you touch him this string, even with the lightest finger you have in your hand; far from listening to the sound it emits, he grows gruff that instant, and pouts, and frowns, and squints, and makes such wry faces, as you would think him possessed by half a dozen legions of Astaroths and Asmodees; and starts up, and stamps, and blusters, and bullies, and calls you by every name that begins with an R, or an S: and how can I help calling him Tolondron, knowing all this so well as I do?

Long before the sad accident of the *marginal notes*, and at a time that I was so totally

tally unacquainted with him, as not even to know his name, I find, by his foolish letter to the Divinity-Doctor, that he bore me a grudge, and wanted to give a bad impression of me to his *sensible Friend*, and to Doctor Percy, and busied himself about my travels in Spain, and other of my performances : and God knows what wise and learned remarks he has made on my writings to those two gentlemen, and to others ! This kind of clandestine hostility on his part, I cannot as yet exactly ascertain when it began, and to what a length he has carried it : but this I know, that it was not very pretty in him to begin it, and carry it on in the dark, as he did. If he had any objections, to my travels especially, I think that he would have done better to apply directly to me in person, or by letter ; or even in print ; as I might possibly have been able, more than any other, to satisfy him fully on any point that might appear wrong to him, or to any of his acquaintance. But, to behave like a gentleman is not his way as yet, and that

may come in time, *poco a poco*, as he goes on, getting fillips under his chin, and raps on his knuckles. Notwithstanding, however, what he has done, and may have otherwise done, to my prejudice and disparagement, at the time I knew not even his name; all was nothing to what he has done since that sad accident of the *notes*: and the reader by this time may possibly have formed some conjecture about the share I have had of his R's and his S's, and of his curses to boot: But, let him curse, and call names; who cares? Not I indeed! He may misname me till December next, and curse me seven years running; but he shall not keep me now from telling him in his black mustachos, that he would burn his Edition, if he was not the Tolondron he is; for, the devil a three-guineas will he ever finger from any body, that knows any thing of the matter. The accumulate ribaldry that he has regaled me with, in words and in print, has provoked me to tell him so, without any circumlocution; and I do tell him

him so; which is what I would never have done, nor dreamt of doing, had he gone his ways, spoken of me as gentlemen speak of gentlemen, not published his foolish Letter to his Doctor, and forbore to write his wicked scraps to Mr. Urban. Oh, oh! but he will bluster and swear a hundred, a thousand, a million of times more, than ever he did, when he shall have read these speeches! Ay! will he do so? *Dos bigas* for it, and *Tolondron* to boot! Were his edition correctly printed in other respects, which is far from being the case, the paper of it, which is very white, and of a good consistency; the types of it, which have tolerable good eyes; and the margins, which are very spacious, would have induced me to buy it; those spacious margins especially, as I have long had the custom to make notes in the margins of all my books: but, to lead me into such a temptation, he ought to have left the accents quite out of his text, as, while reading, I might have placed them myself with my pen; and you know,

that several thousand accents are easily placed, as one goes on in the perusal, if one knows the pronunciation: that, on the other hand, take several thousands off with the tip of your penknife, and your work will be endless, besides that you spoil the pages by scratching. A new paroxysm of rage seizes Tolondron on hearing me say so, and he foams as if he were in an epilepsy: but foam away, Tolondron; foam to thy heart's satisfaction; and another *higa* for it, and *Tolondron* again! Thou hast dragged me out of that quiet obscurity, in which I had promised myself to live the short remainder of my days; and must take the consequence, if I am now as mad as Don Quixote, and resume the author, and suffer not thy ribaldry to circulate about in magazines and in letters to Doctors, without standing up in my own vindication, were thou to go to Bedlam within the week, and I follow thee fifty years hence. Let me alone, my good friends, and never fear, but I will manage this jade as well as Mr. Angelo does
his

his most mettlesome horses. What is so easy, as to ride on the back of such Tolondrons as this? and before my riding be over, depend upon it, my friends, I will make him aware, that, old as I am, I have still so much spirit left, as to expose ignorance, ridicule nonsense, repress insolence, obtund malignity, and chastise brutality, without any assistance from his R's and S's, and without writing one word, but what may be read without a blush by any modest lady about St. James's Square, Berkeley Square, or any other Square. In the sciences of Russianology and Goddamnology, I knock under, and humbly acknowledge, that I am unworthy to be even second usher in the Bowlean Gymnasium: but men have different inclinations, pursue different studies: and I am confident, that, in Funnology and in Laughathimology, I can checkmate him at any time, and much faster than Omiah did me, when I had the imprudence to attack him at chess: and I insist upon it, that Funnology and Laughathimology are sciences of more use and profit to man-

kind, than Ruffianology and Goddamnology.

The Tolondron's perfect unacquaintance with Spanish pronunciation ; of course, his perfect incapacity of pointing it out to his readers by accents duly placed, is, no doubt, the most glaring, but not the only capital fault in his text. Instead of following in it the orthography of Cervantes, with the only substitution of the *zed* to the exploded *zedilla*, which, at all events, would have screened him from blame ; he took into his muddy fancy to regale us with an orthography of his own, to which I can give no other name, but that of *teatotum-orthography* ; or, if you like it better, *fortuitous orthography*. For his many sins, the poor fellow stumbled upon four editions of a small book, entitled *Ortografia Castellana* ; that is, the *Orthography of the Spanish Tongue* ; all the four printed, at different periods of time, in Madrid, by the Spanish Academicians, who, at the head of their great dictionary (printed about sixty years ago) had already given us a treatise on that
part

part of grammar, which is now in a great measure reprobated by the Academicians of this day (and with good reason), by means of those four new treatises.

The reprobation, however, of that first academical composition, proves as yet of no great use to us; for the reason, that each of those four subsequent ones contains rules and precepts about orthography, that in many points run counter each other: I mean, that some of the rules and precepts laid down in the first of the four are repealed and declared null, by other rules and precepts laid afterwards down in the second: some laid down in the second, repealed and annulled in the third; and some in the third, treated in the same manner by other rules and precepts laid down in the fourth and last. If those repeals and annulations, thus subsequent to each other, mean any thing, they mean, that the members of the Royal Academy, being possibly too many in number to persuade each other, or having some whimsical, and not very intelligent great man amongst them,

them, whom they care not to oppose (which is the most probable conjecture), have not yet been able unanimously to agree about unchangeable rules and unalterable precepts, and have been shifting from rule to precept, and from precept to rule, merely, as it were, to keep themselves a-going. This will appear strange to English critics, who have not turned their attention to the language of Spain: but those that have, know, that the point is very knotty, and very hard to be settled, as it is involved in many peculiar difficulties, not incident to other tongues. The doing away all those difficulties in a complete and satisfactory manner, has perplexed the learned of that nation so long, and to such a degree, since they began to think about it, that the famous Jesuit, *Padre Isla*, (in my opinion, the best, by many cubits, of their modern writers) ridiculed very humourously, in one of his works, all attempts towards ascertaining their orthography; and seemed of opinion, that the best that could be done with regard to the manner

of writing their language, was to leave every writer to shift for himself, as it had been done during some centuries, without any great prejudice to their literature on that particular account. But this opinion, which he urged in a ludicrous, rather than in a serious manner, does not suit the taste of the generality, that wish for rules and precepts as little objectionable as possible, that they may, like other nations, have a fixed orthography of their own. To strike out a reasonable and solid one, has now been rendered possibly more difficult than ever it was, not only by the contradictory rules and precepts prescribed, as I said, at five different periods of time, by the five Treatises of the Academicians, but also by other Treatises of other men of letters, before and after the institution of their academy. Among those who have conspicuously distinguished themselves in this line, that I may not show off too much of my learning this way, I will only mention a *Señor Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar*, of whom, by the bye, we have a very meagre

gre *Life of Cervantes*, written on purpose, if I remember well, for Tonson's edition of *Don Quixote*, wherein is incorporated a prolix criticism on all Cervantes' works; the poorest criticism that ever I read in my days. That same *Don Gregorio* was, no doubt, a man of extensive reading, and far from wanting cart-loads of erudition: but, withal, so wrong-headed was he, so entirely deprived of taste, and so very ostentatious mal-a-propos, that Spain, which has hitherto had her full proportion of ostentatious pedants, can scarcely show another of the same bulk. *Don Gregorio* too, who has been, as I suspect, typified in the *Coxo de Villaornate*, a lame, ignorant, whimsical, and most pedantic schoolmaster, by the witty *Padre Isla*: *Don Gregorio*, I say, would likewise have a system of orthography of his own manufacture, whereof we have a cursed specimen in the above *Life of Cervantes*. But that system was thought at once so bad, so inefficient, so very absurd and ridiculous, that it has
procured

procured him but few, if any, profelytes in Spain, and out of Spain.

About all those oppugnating systems of orthography, our poor Tolondron has been plodding and plodding during many years, both before, and while he brooded over his *great undertaking*: and, having tumbled them all pell-mell in his poor noddle, made such a hodge-podge out of them all, that one at last was produced, which is *neither here, nor there, nor any where*, as a lady of my acquaintance would phrase it. Tolondron writes sometimes his words as Cervantes did; sometimes follows the Academics, no matter after which of their five Treatises; sometimes Nebrixa; sometimes Covarruvias; sometimes Don Gregorio; that, little or much, all differ in sundry points; and sometimes follows no body at all: and does all this quite unknown to himself, totally ignorant, as he is, of the pronunciation; still whirling the teatatum, and whirling it again, just as he did in the affair of the accents. But, can I, in good conscience, note down here

here all the inconsistencies of his teatatum or fortuitous orthography, without shooting dead at once, every one of those among my readers, who know as little of these outlandish matters, as the Tolondron himself? Far from having any thought of shooting them dead, you may believe me without putting me to my oath, that I wish, on the contrary, to multiply their numbers *ad infinitum*. Whether what I wish will take effect or not, give me leave to inform you (and here I get up from my desk, pull off my cap, and make a very low bow to you all); I must inform you, I say, that, having some years pretty well studied this particular point of Spanish orthography, and accurately observed that of the languages, which bear affinity to that of Spain; and being, moreover, vehemently desirous (every one has his hobby-horse) that the Spanish were fixed upon a permanent and unexceptionable footing, I took into my own noddle—or upon myself (that I may speak with more respect of my

own noddle, or upon myself (that I may speak with more respect of my
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respectable self)—to write down my ideas about it, in an epistolary dissertation *in Spanish*, which (see, Masters and Mistresses, how ungovernable my hobby-horse!) I printed here in London, at my own expence, about three years ago, and made a present of near the whole edition (which was not large, as you may imagine) to the well-known Spanish bookseller and printer, *Señor Antonio Sancha*, who happened to be in England at that time; that he might show his countrymen, the Academicians, and other good folks in Spain, what were the thoughts and ideas of a foreigner about their orthography and lexicography: two districts of their academical province, which, to me, seem, as yet, but poorly cultivated.

As a modest man, and apt to blush, when forced to speak of myself, I ought not to say what I am going to say: but let you pardon me for this once, (here goes another low bow!) and let me brag away, that my *Spanish Dissertation* has been penned with as much liveliness of expression as I could

could muster up, lest it should prove tedious in the reading ; and surely, the daisies and flowers (let me brag, I beseech you) are not few, that I have scattered in it, in order to obviate fastidiousness ; which, as you all know, is the chief bane of books, and the ruin of booksellers. But, though I penned it in as brisk a style, as my stock of Spanish language and Spanish ideas could afford, and objected with as much energy and impavidness (*quere* if this word is English) as I possibly could, against several parts of their great Dictionary, and against some of the rules and precepts, laid down by the Academicians, as final, in the last edition of their *Ortografia Castellana* ; yet I treated their *Señorías* with the greatest respect, humbly holding my *chapeau-bras* under my left arm, every time that I directed my words to them ; as there is no manner of need, in discussing literary matters, to urge our differing opinions with bludgeons in our hands ; or as you may possibly term it, with Bowlean malice, and Bowlean brutality : besides,

that

that, as I take it, the Academicians of Madrid are a body greatly upon the encrease, and likely to rival in a short time any society of the kind ever instituted in Europe, especially if it comes to be noticed by the long-nosed critics abroad, and given to understand, that the productions of their academy, like those of their vineyards, shall be transplanted and cultivated in their gardens and hot-houses.

Together with my reasons for refusing as yet obedience to some of the rules and precepts prescribed by the Academicians in their last Orthographical Treatise, I have likewise objected, as I said above, to several parts of their Dictionary, the compilers whereof adopted a system of lexicography most obviously defective, that I may not say absurd ; as most of the learned men, called up by Philip the Fifth to compose the several divisions of it ; instead of sticking to the simple business of defining words, giving their etymologies, and exhibiting, by quotations from their writers, the different way, in which each word is to be

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used ;

used ; chose to make a great parade of their respective quantities of learning, and took large excursions into the regions of various arts and sciences, that have little or nothing to do in the dictionary of a language. Had they, here and there, and, when it came quite pat, brought in a savoury bit of learning in this and that *example*, and even in each one of the examples, I should have admired the good choice of their examples : but, I cannot, by any means, bear their ostentation of learning in their *definitions*, which ought always to be as neat and concise as possible, and convey nothing else to the enquirer, but what he enquires after, which is only the signification of this and that word. Have I any need, for instance, to know what *Dioscorides* said about *Lapizlázuli*, when I only want to know, what *Lapizlázuli* is ? What do I care, whether *Café* is the *Bancho* of *Avicenna*, or the *Banca* of *Rasis*, when I only want to know what *Café* means ? What need to know, whether the fish, called *Mena*, casts her spawn in
March;

March, or in September, which are her powers of fecundity, and at what season it proves good or bad to eat, when I only want to know, whether *Mena* means a fish, or a stew-pan? I want not to be made a lapidary, a naturalist, nor a fishmonger by a dictionary of words; but simply to know the meaning, or the etymology, of those words: and, if ever I come to want a full knowledge of any of the three trades, leave me to my own direction, and I shall soon find the books, or the men, that teach them *ex professo*. It is not the business of the lexicographer to teach arts, or sciences, but only to explain words, and give their etymologies; and even this second duty may be omitted without committing a mortal sin.

That the Academicians of to-day may not proceed on so wrong a plan, in case they resolve to give us a second edition of their great work, and guard against being seduced by the example of their predecessors, I have made so free, in my *Spanish Dissertation*, as to make some remarks on the several

errors, or improprieties (if you like the word better) committed by those their predecessors in too many of their definitions, and apprised, moreover, the present Academicians of the method, incomparably more reasonable, pursued by Doctor Johnson in his English Dictionary; paralleling some of his definitions to some of theirs; endeavouring to make them sensible of the great superiority of the English method over the Spanish, and exhorting them to adopt and follow it, as closely as they can: and I am confident, that, if they shall be willing to do the best, in case of a new edition, they will do me the honour, not to disregard my notions upon so important a subject; and by so doing (all national pride and partiality left aside) bring themselves at once upon a par with other learned nations about orthography and lexicography, which they may possibly do with greater facility, than they are aware.

Our great Tolondron, who has seen my *Epistolary Dissertation*, has mentioned it in
his

his foolish Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, (as he has some other of my performances), and, to be sure, with his usual politeness, affability, good sense, candidness, and veracity. If you will take his honest word, I have treated the Spanish Academicians, as he has done your humble servant. I have pretended to teach them to spell. I have given myself to them as a Magister, under whose ferula they are to quake and shiver. I have coaxed and threatened them by turns; and promised to do this and that for them, and against them, just as my own teatotum shall whirl. What have I not done in that monstrous fetus of my morbid brains! By the decision of his Tolondronship, the Academicians' *Ortografia Castellana* is right in every dot ever so small, in each one of their four editions. No contrariety at all in any of their rules and precepts, that he can see with his vulturine eyes. And, as to their *Diccionario*, not the least speck in any page of the six folio volumes: not a comma, but what is as straight, as an arrow: every thing right,

tight, prim, trim, consistent, uniform, impeccable. It is an *Ortografia*!—It is a *Diccionario*!—Poh! the Pope, the Emperor, the Patriarch of Constantinople, cannot wish better for a birth-day-wearing! And how could a fellow, like that Baretti, of *total ignorance* in the Spanish Tongue, dare to controvert the smallest rule, the most dwarfish precept, laid down by such a set of men, as the Academicians of Madrid in Parliament assembled! Find blemishes, faults, mistakes, deficiencies, superfluities, errors, blunders, in their *definitions*, in their *etymologies*, in their *examples*? Fy upon him, that will not think the Academicians of any country, those of Spain in particular, to be Evangelists every one of them! Fy upon a fellow so very faucy, as to express a desire of having works of any kind, quite perfect of their kind, and express it in Spanish, and in print! Beat him, whip him, hang him, and excommunicate him! He is a Papist, a Huguenot, an R, an S, and all the letters of the alphabet! And what can poor I answer to all these charges,

charges, to all these just reproofs? Answer? Avaunt, Tolondron! Get thee out of my way this instant! The ox has spoken, and said *mu-uh*. Let me not hear the ox speak again. Dost thou mind me, Tolondron? I will have no more of thy *mu-uh's*!

Some of my readers may possibly wish me to tell them here, in what the five Academical Treatises on Spanish Orthography agree, and in what they disagree; that is, which are the parts in them confirmed, and which the parts repealed: and I am sensible, that, by so doing, I might give in my way a few more sound lashes to my Tolondron, and expose further to derision his teatotum adoptions, and his teatotum rejections. But, though I need not be told, that, in a country like Great Britain, (where all imaginable kinds of knowledge have numerous votaries) some there are, to whom details of this sort would prove quite intelligible and quite acceptable, I must own, that I have not spunk enough to enter into so unpromising

a subject. The lovers of Spanish in England, compared to those, who know little or nothing of it, are but few, if I have counted noses right : and, to gratify the few, must I run the risk of teasing the many, that know nothing of Spanish Language and Spanish Literature, and would not even give a rush for either ? Most will be diverted by my hitting with my Toledo-foil, every button, that a booby has in his waistcoat, without his being able to parry one push : yet, very few care to be acquainted what about the booby and I are fencing. And, as to the booby himself, is it worth my while minutely to note all his fooleries ; or any body's while to have them all accurately told, as they do guineas and bank-notes at Child's, and at Drummond's ? Please your Honours, I think not : therefore I must be excused, if I decline such a task for the present ; especially, as it would be sinning against the laws of decorum, to treat any literary subject in the light and hasty manner adopted in these speeches ; not written with a view to inform

form or instruct any set of readers; but only to vindicate myself against calumnious aspersions, and, as I proceed, to bring down a little the proud stomach of a Tolondron, that, besides wanting to blast my moral, as well as my literary character, wants also to pass upon his fellow-parishioners his stinking tripes and unwashed pettitoes, for venison-pasties, and perigord-pies. So very sensible am I, that the subject of this very speech will prove tedious to most of the by-standers, that I have almost a mind to end it here abruptly, and cry *mea culpa* for having already made it too long; but, that I am quite in the humour of scribbling just now, have absolutely nothing else to do, and shall not be sleepy this hour. Let me then bespeak a few more minutes of your indulgence, (and here is another low bow) that I may, before I go to bed, say something satisfactory to those few good souls among you, who have *un poquitillo* meddled with the language of Spain, enough at least to read Don Quixote in the original, or to write,
upon

upon occasion, a short letter to a correspondent at Cadiz or Malaga, for a bale of wool, or a pipe of sweet wine.

To those few, therefore, I say, that, whatever rules or precepts may have been enjoined by the Spanish Academy in any of her Five Treatises on Orthography, I will, if they give me leave, heartily laugh at their good souls, as I did at Tolondron in my Spanish Dissertation, (wherein I first called him by this characteristic name) if they shall ever, to please the Academy, choose to write, for example, *Diccionario* with two *c*'s, instead of *Diccionario* with a single *c*; because, (mark well my reason) because, when one comes to spell the word, the first *c* of *Diccionario* cannot be joined with the preceding syllable *Di*, and make it *Dic*; as the Spaniards, throughout their language, have not one syllable ending in *ic* in the midst of any of their words. Not joining then that first *c* to the preceding *Di*, it follows of course, that you must join it with the next syllable, which is *cio*, and spell *Di-ccio*; and this would prove an evident absurdity,

absurdity, deserving derision rather than criticism. How then must we write it? I will tell you. The Spaniards pronounce *Diccionario*; and this is a fact, that no Spaniard will controvert: therefore, conform to their pronunciation, and write it *Diccionario*, and you shall be right at once. What I say of this word, I say of all other words of the same stamp, such as *acion*, *satisfacion*, *leccion*, *interdicion*, *bendicion*, *conduccion*, *introduccion*; and in short of all, that the Academicians direct us to write with two c's, for the only reason, that they came in a straight line from such Latin words, as have *actio*, *ectio*, *ictio*, and *uctio* in them. If you write them not as I tell you, you run counter pronunciation, and cannot spell them to boot. Somebody may answer in the Academicians' name, that the two c's in such words, are a kind of etymological substitution to the *ct* in those mother-words, and, that such a substitution gives the Spanish Tongue a noble Latin aspect: But I answer, that, what cannot be spelt ought not to be written, especially

especially when pronunciation runs another way, or *rumbo*, as Spanish sailors term it. Are we to spoil our pronunciation, and embarrass, or impossibilite our spelling, for the paltry sake of etymology? I beg on my knees the Academician's pardon for my Italian assurance, if they will so call it: but, what do they talk of etymology, they, who, butt'other day, have repealed and annulled the old rule of writing etymologically, *Orthographia*, *Philosopho*, *Tesoro*, *Phrase*, *Laberintho*, *Dictado*, *Dictamo*, and thousands of other words, thus written in their predecessor's dictionary! They who have enjoined us to write henceforwards, according to pronunciation, *Ortografia*, *Filosofia*, *Tesoro*, *Frase*, *Laberinto*, *Dictado*, *Ditamo*, and so forth? What privilege of exception can the words with two c's claim, to refuse paying tax to pronunciation, when these last pay it without muttering, and even with alacrity? Mind me, *Señores Académicos*! Let us have all one way, or all the t'other way. *Consideratis considerandis*, in this particular case,
I join

I join with you against your predecessors, and give *Pronunciation* the preference over *Etymology*, as more natural, more easy, and less liable to mistakes. I am as fond as other old Christians, of sticking to *Etymology*, whenever it can be done properly and conveniently : but when it does lead *Pronunciation* out of the coach-road, and, above all, when it does obstruct *Spelling*, as it does in the case of the two *c*'s — Hang *Etymology* ! Hang her by the neck, I say ; and let us embrace and kiss *Pronunciation*, and be good friends.

Then again ! What do the Academicians talk of etymology, who, but t'other day, have told us, that we must never write any Spanish word with two *s*'s ; no matter whether etymology demands it, or not : of course, that we must write *el Rey de Prusia*, and *la Emperatriz de Rusia* ? Do they stick to etymology, when they prescribe us such a rule ? Who has ever heard of countries in modern Europe, called *Rusia* and *Prusia* ? The people at large in Madrid, and through most provinces of Spain (I have attended
to

to it carefully myself), pronounce *Russia*, *Prussia*, *Missia*, *Passo*, *Priessa*, *Huesso*, *Gruesso*, *Tesser*, *Bravissimo*, *Reverendissimo*, et cetera, with the same forcible hiss, by which the Italians, the French, the English, and other nations, denote the double s's; and all over Spain they pronounce with a much more feeble sibilation the single s, as in *Camisa*; *Casa*, *Casarse*, *Queso*, *Sensitivo*, *Especie*, *Mismo*, *Guisar*, *Consignar*, and a whole host of others: and the Academicians, making nothing of forcible hissing, nor of feeble hissing, and giving a kick a-piece to etymology and pronunciation, shall come and tell us, that we must banish all double s's from their language? That we must write; of course, pronounce, even their *superlatives*, even the *preterite imperfects* of their *subjunctive moods*, with the same softness and laxity, as we do, for instance, the s in the word *Asno*? And they shall send us to hear *una Misa*, as if we were to put on our *Camisa*? They shall bid us to break a *Hueso*, as if it were as soft as *Queso*? Write you, my English friends, write and

pronounce with a forcible his *Missa, Hueſſo, Prussia, Russia, Fortissimo, Bravissimo, Supi-esse, Viniesse*, and so forth; and mind not such precepts and rules, more fit for an assembly of *Pisaverdes* and *Petimetras*, than for an Academy of *Hombres de pelo en pecho*!

But these, and other matters, I have already sufficiently discussed in my Spanish Dissertation; and I hope the time is not far, that those, among the Spanish Academicians, who have unaccountably declared for double c's, where they pronounce but one; or for a single s, where they pronounce two, will think better of these matters, before they publish a new Orthography and a new Dictionary; and, wondering at their double mistake, as well as at some other oversights, committed in their anterior works, will correct them, and give their country and the world, a Grammar and a Dictionary better than those we have at present from them, and from other of their countrymen; and thus save from debasement and degradation, a language so
very

very beautiful as theirs, and so pleasing to my ear, that I like it even better than my own, though I have a very high opinion of my own too; especially, when in the handling of a few old friends, that are still alive in that Peninsula yonder, so strangely shaped, that it looks like a Frenchman's boot. And, as to what our Tolondron may say about these same matters, with his *Nebrixas*, *Covarruvias*, and *Ribadenciras* spread open before him, I will answer only this, that I wish some small-beer brewer may make him a present of a rotten old barrel's bung, that he may stop his foolish mouth, when these same matters are debated within his hearing, as he can no more speak to them, than an artichoke.

But my candle runs low, and I shall presently be in the dark: therefore, give me leave to go to bed, that I may be up early to-morrow, to give you one speech more about the Tolondron's *Espectable y desafortado Comento*. That done, I will continue to wish a good journey to all that go to York, or any where else;
 continue

continue to play shilling-whift; continue to mind my book; and continue to let the world go round, as it has done these many years: for, to tell it you *sub sigillo confessionis*, lest I be impeached of high treason, I am as sick of the Tolondron and his doings, as any one of you can possibly be: and, with this, *buenas noches* to you all, y *Christo con todos*.

U

TOLON.

T O L O N D R O N.

SPEECH THE TENTH AND LAST.

*Quare con tanta altrui e tua molestia
Tanto parlar d' un Viso di—di cavolo?
Gamba di legno mio, mandalo al diavolo,
Che ad ogni modo e' sara' sempre bestia.*

Don Petronio Zamberluccho.

HAVING now fairly settled the account between Jack and Joe, about their respective quotas of Italian and French, about the Spanish comedies, the Spanish orthography, the Spanish *Prologo* damned by Captain Crookshanks, and fundry other matters, of infinite importance to the inhabitants of the waves, that moisten the littoral parts of the British empire; I hasten to speak of the Tolondron's *Comento* on the delightful History of Don Quixote, that I may put an absolute end to his ridiculous pretensions of being a Being in the literary world, as it is high time for me to save the little ink I have left, for my customary employment of

of writing Marotic and Macaronic verses to those among my good friends, who are as old and idle as myself, and look out for light amusement, rather than grave lucubrations.

The raising of that odd structure, now going by the tremendous name of *Cemento*, if we credit the exulting *averrations* of our Tolondron, was a work so confounded arduous to be carried into final and perfect completion, that, no less than two of the best climacterial divisions of his life were spent in the mere collecting of its multitudinous materials from several distant quarters of this terraqueous globe; besides, I know not how many more, in the putting them so tightly together, that they might not crumble too soon, and fall about our ears: and, in fact, such has been the sturdy perseverance of his sluggish mind, and the unabated drudgery of his porter-like body, during all that time, that *Cemento* has at last obtained the wondrous bulk it actually possesses, which, awaking us all out of our long and shameful le-

thargy with regard to learned objects, has forced us to get on tiptoe one behind the other, and gaze with astonishment on the Tolondronic edifice, certainly the most unarchitectonic and antivitruvian ever hitherto erected in the boggish part of the lands, that have belonged these many years to my uncle Apollo, and his chanti-cleering nieces.

One of the chief contrivances that the great Tolondron has had recourse to, in order to make *Comento* as huge and durable as the Memphitic masses, was the unbounded use he made of half a score folio and quarto dictionaries, out of the bowels whereof, he dug a considerable quantity of *words*, with their *explanations* at full length, without caring a hob-nail, while employed in the sweat-provoking labour, whether those, who were to read, or to consult the strange work, wanted, or not, those *words* and those *explanations*.

If master Jack (say I, in the great simplicity of my heart) intended his *Comento* for the inhabitants of Spain, ought he not

to

to have previously taken into his wise consideration, whether, or not, the good folks yonder stood in need of having their own words explained to them? Words, that the most illiterate among them understand; or, in the contrary case, that they all can go to look for in those very dictionaries, wherefrom Jack has given them? On this point, therefore, submissively craving his ten thousand pardons, his Tolondronship seems to me, to have been tolondronically absurd beyond all decent limits of tolondronical absurdity, especially if it is true, as I humbly conceive to be the real case, that the Spaniards are no such strangers to the words of their own tongue, as not to know the meaning, that he has idly given them, of *hidalgo*, *desocupado*, *cuchillada*, *cuerno*, *alborozo*, *corral*, *apellido*, *cascabeles*, *trompeta*, *despeñadero*, *jumento*, *pajar*, *candil*, *camaranchon*, *naipes*, *tiñoso*, and three or four thousands other such, which in their country are every day as much in every body's mouth, as *bread* and *butter* are every day in Eng-

land. I say the same of those most common phrases, *en un cerrar de ojos, acertar a passar, con las setenas, predicar en desierto, a carga cerrada, sacar el pie del lodo, descubrir la hilaza, no consentir cosquillas, pedir de lo caro, paciencia y barajar*, and some thousands more, all as trite all over Spain, as in this country *how do you, and very well thank you*. Indeed, there is no cobbler, that I know; there is no bricklayer, no chimney-sweeper in all New-Castile, or Old-Castile, but what has at his fingers end the true and genuine signification of all such words and phrases; nor do any of them stand in the least need of going for their explanations to his *Aldrete*, to his *Nebrixa*, to his *Covarruvias*; much less to his *Comento*: and much less still, to *Quintius Curtius*, *Homer*, *Biblia Vulgata*, *Scriptores de Morbo Gallico*, and to any other book or lexicon, registered in the Catalogue of the Authors, that his Tolondronship has quoted with the paltry view of making a parade of his learning, no matter whether it came in at the

the fore-door, at the back-door, or at no door at all.

The man may answer, that he writ his *Comento* for the use of the English. For the English with all my heart ! I like the English well enough to wish them plentiful crops of *Comentos*, provided they be such, as may prove useful to them ! But, if you wrote it for the English, why did you not write it in English, as the English tongue, *salvo errore*, is commonly better understood in England, than the Spanish tongue ? And what need, besides, had any Englishman that reads Don Quixote in the original, of any explanation of common Spanish words, and Spanish common phrases ? How could you be such a thorough dolt, as not to conceive, that there is no reading an outlandish book, without having previously mastered so much of the language, in which it is written, as not to want every individual signification of every common word, and every common phrase in it ?

Be that as it will, replies the undaunted

Tolondron : Sure am I, that neither *Baretti*, the atrocious culprit, nor *Johnson*, the wicked apologist, nor *Johannes Ibse*, the compiler of the *Suio-Gothicum Lexicon*, nor *Valerius Maximus*, the lieutenant in the eastern army, nor *Epaminondas*, nor *Zoroaster*, nor any other imaginable body, named, or not named in the *Comento*, could have fallen on a more subtle and easier method than mine, of digging out of Spanish Dictionaries, thousands and thousands of words and phrases, to make it corpulent, as I made it, by transplanting them into it, bodies and souls at once. And do you not see, that, without so cunning a contrivance, poor *Comento* would have looked as lank and lean, as a French marquis that had never seen a round of beef, but in the prints of Hogarth?—Tolondron for ever, huzza!—This is a cogent, an unanswerable reason ; and I love reasons cogent and unanswerable.

Another of the clever and speedy means (yet not so speedy neither) employed by Jack to impinguate *Comento*, has been, that

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of quoting, out of various poems, songs, and chivalry-books, a great many passages, that bear resemblance to passages in Don Quixote, and bring them nose to nose. Don Quixote, for instance, enters a wood full of trees: and lo! Amadis de Gaul has likewise entered a wood, that was full of trees. Don Quixote falls flat from his horse to the ground: Does he? Tirante the white, and Olivante the yellow, both fell, as flat as flounders, from their horses to the ground. Don Quixote kneels to a fair lady, that rides alone upon a lilly-white palfrey by the walls of a castle, built on the east-side of a clear and rapid river. Where is the wonder of that? *Splandian, Rinaldo, Platir, Palmerino, Florismarte, St. George, St. Martin*, and several scores more of knights, all belonging to the erratic fraternity, have all kneeled to fair ladies, who rode alone upon lilly-white palfreys, by the sides of castles, that were built on the eastern, western, southern, or northern bank of this, and that, and t'other clear and rapid stream.

There

There is no end in the *Comento* of such parallel passages, that throw a most radiant light on Cervantes' obscure and mysterious history: but, what can one say to that ferocious quantity of apposite erudition, brought for this same purpose of illustration, by our most learned Tolondron, in most pages of *Comento*? The Englishman that has read Don Quixote, in any one of the translations, may remember, that a galley-rogue is mentioned in it, whose name was *Ginés de Passamonte*; a very nimble fellow, who stole asses, exhibited puppets, made monkeys speak, and wore a patch on one of his eyes, that he might not be known by the officers of the *Holy Brotherhood*. From what family the clever gentleman was descended, had always been a secret impenetrable to the Spanish Genealogists, as the prudent Cervantes, for reasons best known to himself, did not think proper to make his book intelligible to his countrymen, by revealing to them that family-secret. But Tolondron, to whose opera-glass not an atom
of

of any visible object ever could escape, has spied, in a small crevice of an Italian poem, a tall, comely and substantial giant, ycleped *Passamonte*: and, as the resemblance between *Passamonte* and *Passamonte*, may, without the least exaggeration, be compared to that of two eggs dropped by the same hen, Tolondron has fairly conjectured, that the Giant *Passamonte* was the founder of the illustrious *Passamonte-family*, and, of course, one of our *Ginés*' progenitors; possibly the *Atavus* or *Tritavus* of him: nor should I be much surprised, if, in the Appendix to *Comento*, actually on the anvil, Jack were to affirm, that the *Genesis* of *Moses* was indubitably the great-grand-mother of the same *Ginés*, as the resemblance is likewise amazing between *Ginés* and *Genesis*.

I intend not to attempt here the great undertaking of giving even a fore-shortened idea of Jack's book-learning, and of setting down even so little, as the quarter-part of the erudition he has collected out of his *Bibliotheca*, wherewith he has embellished

lished and set off his *Comento*: A turnip-waggon, actually going from Streatham, or Tooting, to any of the London markets, carries not half so many fine turnips, as *Comento* does erudite quotations. That you may not, however, be quite disappointed on this article, there go some few of them, by way of sample: and I am satisfied, that you will find them of as quick a relish, as any turnips you have ever eaten with your boiled mutton.

To do all possible honour to one of the two illustrious Margravines, who assisted incog. at the august ceremony of Don Quixote's knighting, Tolondron informs you, that, at the distance of a league from the town of *Antequera*, where that chaste lady was born, there is a most copious spring of water, which, by falling downwards almost perpendicularly, makes above twenty mills go round and round, to the great comfort and emolument of as many millers and their families, that keep themselves from starving by the grinding of corn: and no body will deny, but this illustration of
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the text contributes mightily to the exquisite delight given the beholders of that kingly ceremony, fortunately graced by the kind intervention of the beautiful Margravine, and her sweet-smelling friend *Dona Tolosa de Remendon y Pendanga*.

The Spanish appellation of *Hidalgo*, by some of your English translators, is rendered by that of *Country 'Squire* or *Country Gentleman*: but as such a version leaves the text in a most deplorable ambiguity, Jack translates it much better by these more learned and more specific words: "*Hidalgo* "in Spanish and *Fidalgo* in Portuguese, "*ille solum dicitur, qui Christiana virtute* "pollet:" and so good a christian is Jack, as not to know, that there are many *Hidalgos* in Spain, many *Fidalgos* in Portugal, and many (I ought to say few) *Country Gentlemen* and *Country 'Squires* in England, *qui Christiana virtute non omnino pollent*; yet all go promiscuously by those honorific appellations, not only when awake, but even when they are fast a-sleep.

Cervantes,

Cervantes, in the Curate's scrutiny (a slovenly scrutiny in my opinion) of Don Quixote's books, has named the *Carolea*, which he says to have been a work of *Don Luis de Avila*. Jack, who never saw the book, yet wants to make you believe he has, makes this short note on the title of that book: "*La Carolea: Hieronymus Semipere, scripsit neque pura, neque poetica dictione.*" What that *Hieronymus* had to do there, I know not: but, has not Jack mistaken one book for another? That is what I suspect, because he flatly contradicts his text. However, bits of Latin, whether out of *Don Nicholas Antonio's Bibliotheca*, or out of *Valerius Maximus*, always give a good look to a Commentator's notes, say what you will; and if such notes explain nothing, who cares?

That you may be duly apprized, as how *Dulcinea* was *Don Quixote's* mistress, Jack tells you, that *Don Galaor* had a mistress too, called *Aldeva*; a wonderful pretty girl, that had the honour of being maid of honour to *Queen Grindalaya*. What a deal

of learning has Jack, and how he brings it forward to disencumber and disentangle his text, and make it as plain, as if it were in prose !

Whereas *Ambrosio*, in his scolding speech to *Marcella*, has, very a-propos, happened to name the emperor *Nero*, to whom he justly compares that pretty milk-maid, Jack informs us all, on the unquestionable authority of many ancient historians, that "*the burning of Rome lasted six days and seven nights ;*" which piece of erudition renders most luminous *Ambrosio's* speech to the cross-grained damsel, who delighted, like the emperor *Nero*, in nothing so much, as to sit in the shadow of cork-trees, when the weather was sultry.

As Don Quixote says somewhere of himself, that *he could and did write verses ;* Jack clears up the equivocal expression by telling you, that *Amadis* and *Olivante* composed many love-songs in praise of their respective sweet-hearts : and, to illustrate the text still more, he adds, that *Rinaldo*, though a Frenchman,

man, could touch occasionally the Welch-harp in as masterly a manner, as if he had been born at Carmarthen.

Don Quixote stands up stoutly for the superiority of arms over letters : and Jack says, that, *apud Doctores controversum est, an Miles præferatur Doctori* ; but, that the *Ecclésiastes*, without any regard for *Doctores* Quixotus's opinion, decides this knotty question by that famous axiom : *melior est sapientia quam arma bellica*. Was I wrong, when I created him a *Salamanca-Gorron* out of my own undisputable authority ?

Cervantes mentioned *King Pepin* and *Charlemain*, when he told us, that they were both killed in *Passamonte's puppet-show*. Jack, however, denies the truth of that fact, and will have it, that, both *Charlemain* and *King Pepin*, died many years before, not in Spain, and by a single cut of Don Quixote's irresistible sword in that puppet-show ; but in France, and of a natural death, in consequence of some fevers they both caught in their latter days : and to prop his strange contradiction, he notes
down

down with wonderful accuracy the very years, in which the two monarchs died.

Cervantes affirms—Reader, have mercy upon me, and be not so indiscreetly cruel, as to force me to produce more specimens of our Tolondron's immense erudition! Suffice, that Tolondron is very erudite, and knows how to adapt his learning nicely to his laudable purpose of expounding and illustrating his text, always dark and unintelligible. Mercy, mercy, gentle reader, and do not suffer me to waste my powers to so very silly an end; but let me go on in my own manner, which, if not the most satisfactory to thee, will certainly prove the least fatiguing to thy humble servant; and thou hast no right to make me drive this way, or that way, as if I were a hackney coach-man.

Such, or thereabout, is the main method pursued by the wise Jack, to impinguate *Comento*, and do away all obscurities in Cervantes' oracular book: and quite unreasonable would I make free to call the Oxford or Cambridge scholar, that were

to complain of his want of exactness in his quotations out of the poem, song, or chivalry-book, from which all his erudition was extracted; as his Tolondronship has taken the trouble to set down, not only the titles of the works, out of which he got it, but, such a chapter of such a book, such a page of such a chapter, and such a line of such a page. How could otherwise any Spaniard, or any Englishman; nay, any Egyptian, or any Ethiopian, ever conceive, understand, comprehend, and be thoroughly persuaded and convinced, that *Don Quixote* did so and so, if Tolondron had neglected to tell him that *Don Galaor* did so and so? How could *Dulcinea* ever have winnowed her wheat in her back-yard, if *Melisendra* had not sat the whole day long in the balcony, looking wistfully towards France? How could *Sancho* ever have eaten his bread and cheese, if *Gandalin* had never gotten a dinner?

Poor Jack, among the several misfortunes that have befallen him, has run his noddle against one of the sundry volumes published

lished by my old acquaintance *Father Sarmiento* (as he tells us in the Prologo damned by the Captain); wherein that learned Father says, that "*one needs to have read all that Cervantes had read, in order to understand Don Quixote*:" and, without recollecting, that *learned Fathers*, as well as *learned Sons*, will, at times, say strange things, for the sole reason, that they happen suddenly to come across their fancies, the passive Tolondron, who swallows down for true every assertion he finds in any outlandish book, presently swallowed without chewing the learned Father's, presently procured many of the books that he conjectured Cervantes had read, and presently thick-strewed *Comento* with passages out of them, whenever and wherever he chanced to spy any, that bore any likeness to any passage in his text, no matter whether such likeness was as that of a night-cap to a man's foot, or of a galligaskin to a woman's head: and, that he might not be wanting to himself, he got likewise a considerable number of

other fine things out of his other books, no matter whether written in Spanish or Italian, Greek or Latin, Dutch or Suio-Gothick : and those fine things he thrust piece-meal into *Comento*, with as much industry and skill, as the London-Tavern cook would bits of lard into beef-a-la-mode : by which surprising means we are at last come to see quite clear through the fog of Cervantes' most foggy performance, and to comprehend every tittle of it, as well as if we had written it ourselves with our own Hamburgh-goose-quills.

But, to be serious, if it is possible to be serious when about so merry a subject : whatever the learned Benedictine may have said, or the unlearned Tolondron may have believed, Don Quixote is a book that wants no *Comento*, but what may be contained in two or three pages, as very few are the things in it that want explanation and clarification. Travelling through Spain, one meets with it, not only in almost every gentleman's house ; but not seldom

feldom in inns, in barbers' shops, and in peasants' cottages : and boys and girls, ten years old, understand it as well as grown folks ; nor is ever any body stopt in the perusal by any difficulty. *Robinson Crusoe* in England, *Gil Blas* in France, and *Bertoldo* in Italy, are not better understood, than *Don Quixote* is in Spain : and Cervantes himself was so far from suspecting his book would ever want a comment, that he courageously predicted the popularity of it, not only in his own country, but in many countries : nor can a book ever be popular, that wants a comment to make it intelligible. Far from harbouring any such idea, or hinting, that, to understand his *Don Quixote*, we were to read the chivalry and other silly books he had read himself, Cervantes condemned them all to be burnt by means of the Curate : and the few, that he did not doom to the flames, were not saved with a view that they should assist readers to understand *Don Quixote*, but out of partiality to this and that, on some other account. Fling you,

Mr John Bowle, fling into the fire your *Comento* likewise; as I tell it you again, that there is not *one line* throughout Don Quixote in want of any of your explanations; or point out *only one*, that you have explained better, than any Spanish girl could have done. Single words there are here and there in Don Quixote, that a Spanish girl, and a Spanish boy too, must ask mamma the meaning of: but such words scarce go beyond half a dozen, or a whole dozen, if you will have it so; and half a dozen, or a whole dozen of words, are no fit subject for a *Comment* so very voluminous as your Tolondronship's; besides that, the explanation of words does not belong to Commentators, but to Dictionary-makers; and I will dare to say, that it would not prove difficult to find in *Robinson Crusoe* a dozen words not understood by boys and girls, who still will read it through, and think it a very clear and intelligible book, that stands in no want of a comment. What then signifies all your foolish erudition, brought into your foolish *Comento*, for the sole foolish purpose

pose of showing your foolish self off? and what becomes of that immense farrago of quotations from your dictionaries, from your poems, songs, and chivalry-books, that illustrate nothing, expound nothing, and clear up nothing at all? What becomes of your numberless passages out of your silly and forgotten *Trobas* and *Coplas*, which are no better than blind beggars' compositions, or old nurses lullabies to still babes, and make them sleep? How could a thick-bearded man like you lose his time in treasuring up all that farrago of silly pieces, as if they had all been Greek fragments of the remotest antiquity, to be added to the Arundelian collection? You were much in the right, no doubt, in choosing the fastuous motto: *Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps, Non aliena meo pressi pede*; as no body, but a *Princeps Tolondronorum*, would have attempted the princely undertaking of treading and wading through the spacious bog of miry nonsense, you have trod and waded through during *fourteen years*, foundering knee-deep at every step,

and with an admirable mulish fortitude, that you might bless us at last with as doltish and despicable a work, as ever was seen, since Noah's coming out of the Ark on the Armenian mountain! Come now, ye Moralists and Divines, to stun us dead, by vociferating in our ears, that time is fleeting, and must be well employed! John Bowle tells you, that, besides *Ginés*, there was another *Passamonte* in this world: that *Don Galaor* had for a sweet-heart one of *Queen Grindalaya's* maids of honour; and thinks he has employed his time very well, when he enabled himself, by constant study during *fourteen years*, to give you such important pieces of information.

But let me, gentle reader, or ungentle, if thou art ungentle, produce to thee only one specimen more of our Commentator's great ability in expounding the various and obscure senses of his text, which (or I am sadly mistaken) will prove to thee the most edifying and instructive thing thou hast ever read: and I will have thee know, that I have such a regard for thee, as I should

should be quite vexed to send thee home, without some little instruction or edification of some kind or other.

In my *Spanish Dissertation* already mentioned, I have happened to observe, that the Academicians, who compiled the great Spanish Dictionary, had been so remiss in collecting words, as to omit even some, that are to be found in their most common books: and, to back my observation, I quoted about *five and thirty* out of Don Quixote alone. Master Jack, who takes every body to be as ignorant as himself, in his remarks on my observation, did not miss the opportunity of palming himself upon those among his English readers, who know nothing of Spanish, for a mighty Hispanist, by explaining to me, those few among the *thirty-five*, that he could make out: but how did he contrive to save his credit with regard to those, that he could not make out? *Some of these*, said he, *are not in general use; and some do not belong to the Spanish language, though spoken by Sancho and his wife: Ergo, not one of the two*
classes

classes has a right to a place in the Academicians' Dictionary. Such is the drift of the Tolondron's argument, and no Tolondron in the universe could ever argue more tolondronically, as, according to this fine doctrine, we must not have in Spanish dictionaries all the words we read in Don Quixote : and, if we are not to have them in those dictionaries, you may depend on it, that we are not to look for them in the *Comento* neither.

But, what I was going to say, is, that, among the *thirty-five* words, of which the Tolondron condescended to give me the meaning, there is the word *Bogiganga*. This word, says Jack, means *a particular kind of Farce*.

A particular kind of Farce ? Thank you, Jack ; thank you dearly : and let me now, with this pretty explanation in my head, translate the passage in Don Quixote, wherein there is the word *Bogiganga*. The passage runs thus :

“Estando en essas pláticas, quiso la fuerte
que llegasse uno vestido de *Bogiganga*.”

That

That is : " While thus talking, chance
 " would have it, that there came a fellow
 " dressed in a particular kind of farce."

Hey-day ! What is *a man dressed in a
 kind of farce* ? Farces are stage-exhibitions,
 out of which no taylor could ever make a
 pair of breeches ; much less a whole suit !
 Jack, Jack, this explanation of yours is
 greatly too absurd to be right ! You had
 better to give me another. What say
 you ?

Ay, quoth Jack, in a note at bottom of
 the page : *this can only be explained to the
 reader of the original ; for which, SEE the
 Comento.*

But pray, good Jack ! Why can the
 word *Bogiganga* only be explained to the
 reader of the original ? I have long thought
 the English tongue copious enough, to
 enable any Englishman to explain any
 word, ever so odd and abstruse, of any
 outlandish language, were it even that of
Pipiripao, if not with a direct equivalent
 English word, by means at least of a cir-
 cumlocution !

Master

Master Jack shakes his wise head to and fro, persists in his opinion, that his native language is inadequate to the enormous task of explaining so very difficult a word, as that of *Bogiganga*: and, if you are obstinately resolved upon sounding this Eleusine Mystery, this Free-Mason-Secret, to the very bottom, you must open your silk-purse, take three good guineas out of it, buy his edition, carry it home, sit yourself down, and search into it for the wished-for explanation. No other option is left you. And is this not a good contrivance, to help the sale of an unsaleable book? Thanks to thee, good Crookshanks, for thy valuable present, that has saved me from the necessity of helping on Jack's lucrative schemes! Here then is *Comento*, spick and span! What does *Comento* say about the magical word *Bogiganga*?

Comento explains it to the reader of the original in the following words, which I copy here with the greatest exactness, *italics, etceteras, numbers, and bad orthography*, just as they are in the *second part of Comento*,

Comento, page 31, line 9; and, on sending this sheet to the Printer, I will not forget to write a few words to his Compositor, to beg of him to be particularly careful in this place, that Mr. Commentator may not complain of my not having copied his Spanish faithfully. Here goes Jack's explanation.

“ Ay ocho maneras de compañías y
 “ representantes, y todas diferentes. Entre
 “ esas *Boxiganga*, *Farandula*, &c. En la
 “ *boxiganga* van dos mugeres y un mucha-
 “ cho, seys ó siete compañeros, y aun
 “ suelen ganar mui buenos disgustos: 79.
 “ 29. porque *nunca falta un hombre necio*, un
 “ bravo, un mal sufrido, &c. &c. *Rojas*.
 “ 51. 2. 6.”

Now, good Jack; you that, in one of your *four letters to Mr. Urban*, called yourself a translator from the Spanish, give us in English the true and exact meaning of this precious bit of your *Comento*.

Nothing so easy, upon my honour, says Jack, with a pretty smile: and here you have

have it, every bit as clear and as perspicuous, as in the original.

“ There are eight kinds of companies
 “ and actors, and all different. Among
 “ them *Baxiganga*, *Farandula*, &c. In
 “ the *baxiganga* there go two women and
 “ a boy, six or seven companions, and also
 “ liable to get very good disgusts : 79. 29.
 “ because never is there wanting a foolish
 “ man, a bully, an impatient man, &c. &c.
 “ *Rojas*. 51. 2. 6.”

Idle reader, that hast the patience to go through this page, thou wilt certainly say, that, by this translation of Mr. Bowle's Spanish note, I am playing booty to the poor cur, and humbugging thee at a great rate : but, I assure thee, that I scorn to be mean, and would not do such a thing for all the money thou mayst have at thy banker's. What need, besides, if I were even a duplicate of Mr. John Bowle, to have recourse to unfair tricks, when one has to deal with so foolish a fencer, as comes on unbuttoned, and exposes his broad bosom so awkwardly to all passes,

that one may hit him, as if he were a man of straw? My translation, I repeat it, is quite faithful: and if it conveys to thee nothing, but stark nonsense, so does the original to me: nor is it my fault, if both convey nothing, but stark nonsense, both to thee and me, and help us no more to the explanation of the word *Bogiganga*, than a chapter of the Alcoran, or of the Zenda Vesta: nor be thou so curious, as to ask me even so little, as a guess at the meaning of the note. I am no more a conjuror than my next neighbour, and can translate Spanish words fast enough; but cannot guess at the meaning of Jack's nonsense, which is always of so superlative a kind, as no body can make head, nor tail of, were he even to distil his brains through a limbeck. What I can do, is, to make thee take notice, that this is the mighty linguist, who is ready to swear to my *total ignorance of Spanish*, and offers to teach it me, magnanimously beginning to give me the real signification of my *thirty-five* words, among which that of *Bogiganga*.

What

What a pity I am so old, as to be unfit to go to his school ! Go to it thyself, reader, and be documented by the most skilful documentor in the three kingdoms, that thou mayst learn to make *Comentos*.

But still, Mr. Pickpocket, or Mr. Culprit, or what you are : if you know what *Bogiganga* means, do, tell it us yourself intelligibly, and with as little circumlocution, as you can.

What ? Tell it intelligibly ? Ay ! and, who asks this question of me ? Is it a gentleman, or a lady ?

A lady, to be sure ! and a young one too : and a very pretty one, in her mamma's opinion, as well as in her own.

Well then, lady pretty. Stick your needle in that chip-hat you are covering with gauze, and listen patiently ; because, to tell in English the meaning of a Spanish word, that has puzzled our great Commentator, is not to be done in a trice, I warrant you. *Bogiganga* then means—
Let me see. It means——

What ?

What ? Out with it at once, dear Mr. Culprit.

It means *Punchinello*.

Punchinello ! You are laughing : that cannot be !

But I say it is so. *Bogiganga* means neither more nor less, than *Punchinello*. With this meaning in your head, translate now yourself the passage in Don Quixote, and you will see how well it fits.

“ Llegó, uno de la compañía vestido de “ *Bogiganga*.”

“ There came one of the company in a “ *Punchinello dress*.”

This translation, you see, is as clear as your complexion, lady pretty.

Clearer at least, than Mr. Bowle's two explanations ! And what was the man saying, that it could not be translated, but to a reader of the original ? Thank you, good Mr. Culprit, for your better opinion of our English language. But, here is Cousin Maitland, a studious boy of Captain Crookshanks's acquaintance, just come from Tunbridge-school, who wants to know what he calls the *temology* of that

Y

Spanish

Spanish word. Don't you call it so, cousin ?

Young Maitland, I know what you mean : but do you want to be as learned as myself, you saucy rogue ?

And more if I could.

Well said, my lad ! I will then tell you what *Bogiganga* means, from the *Bo* to the *ga*. Hush !

Bogiganga, which I would rather write *Boxiganga*, though in opposition to the Spanish Academicians' edition of *Don Quixote*, might as well be written *Voxiganga*, as the Spaniards make almost no difference between a *B*, and a *V*, and use them promiscuously in their speech : and *Voxiganga* is a coalition, or coalescence, of the Spanish feminine substantive *Vox* [in Latin *Vox*, in English *Voice*] and the Spanish feminine adjective *gangosa*, oddly shortened to *ganga* : and *Vox-gangosa* means a *squeaking and nasal voice*, like that of *Punchinello*, who, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice, that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow, who, in a puppet-

puppet-show, manages the puppet called *Punchinello*, or *Punch*, (as English folks abbreviate it) speaks with a tin-whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit that comical kind of voice.

To make you as learned as myself, I must tell you, Maitland, that *Punchinello* in Italy, and *Boxiganga* in Spain, besides their appearing as puppets in puppet-shows, as they do in England, are also *Dramatis Personæ* in some farcical extempore comedies, mostly exhibited by strolling players. Of course, the parts of *Boxiganga* and *Punchinello* are acted by men like you and me, and not by dolls in breeches, as *Punch* is in England: and I assure you, that, when the fellow, that acts the part of *Punchinello* or *Boxiganga* in either country, happens to have wit and humour, as is often the case; not only the vulgar, but the very best sort of people, cannot help being thrown into immoderate fits of laughter in spite of their teeth. Don Quixote owns, that, when young, he liked greatly the *Carátula* and the *Farándula*;

that is those *low farces and comedies*: and I own too, that, when young, I liked them as well as he; nor am I sure, that I should dislike them now, that am old, were I to see them again. And, since I am about it, having given you the etymology of *Boxiganga*, I may as well give you that of *Punchinello*, as it is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, nor in any dictionary that ever I looked into; nor in the *Pot-pourri* of *Monsieur de Voltaire*, where he talks much of *Polichinelle*, and, besides his *Life and Adventures*, gives his *genealogy* with as much correctness, as if the humpback little fellow were a descendant of the famous *Marshal Duke of Luxembourg*, who was likewise as humpback, as our friend *Punchinello*.

Know then, that the English word *Punchinello* is in Italian *Pulcinella*, which means a *hen-chicken*. I need not tell you, Maitland, that chickens voices are *squeaking and nasal*: and for this reason, as well as because chickens are *timid and powerless*, my whimsical countrymen have given the name of *Pulcinella*,

or

or *Hen-chicken*, to that comic character, both on the stage, and in the puppet-show; the show being nothing else, but an imitation of the stage, and a kind of abbreviature of it. By this etymology you may see, that *Punchin ello* and *Bogiganga* are nearly allied, as they nearly convey the same idea; the idea of *a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose*: nor are you to be told neither, that *Punch*, in your puppet-shows, being but *a timid and weak fellow*, is always thrashed by the other puppet-actors in the show; yet always boasts of victory after they are gone, as feeble cowards are apt to do, bragging, that they have gotten the better of those, by whom they were soundly bastinadoed.

To all this abstruse and wonderful erudition I must add, that the Spaniards call *Ganga* a wild bird of the web-footed kind, because her voice, like that of geese, ducks, and other birds of that sort, is *squeaking* and *nasal*; and it is a moot point, whether from the bird *Ganga* came the Spanish adjective *Gangoso*, *gangosa*, or the very con-

trary; a point, that I am not scientific enough to decide with Bowlean promptitude, and well deserving the deepest consideration of the most learned scholars.

And, as the pouring out of my unbounded learning is a-going, I will pour it off to the last drop, by telling you furthermore, that *Mogiganga*, a word easily equivocated with *Bogiganga*, is the name given in Spain to some *masqued assemblies*, whereto people resort in the oddest disguises they can think of, and there speak to each other in a *squeaking and nasal voice*, that they may not be known; exactly as they do in your masquerades at the Opera-house and the Pantheon. The Academicians' Dictionary gives *Mogiganga* a part of this my definition; and *Don Antonio de Solis*, in one of his farces, entitled *El Salta en Banco* (the Mountebank) introduces *Seis hombres vestidos de Mogigangas*; that is, *six men in Mogiganga-dresses*; whereby we see, that, in some sense, there is no great difference between *Mogiganga* and *Bogiganga*, and that the concurrents

to that sort of assemblies or masquerades go themselves by their very names. Our Tolondron, who has been more than *twenty years* employed in turning the leaves of the Academicians' Dictionary, 'tis probable, that he has formerly lighted upon their definition of the word *Mogiganga*: but, preserving only a confused remembrance of it, when he gave me his nonsensical *explanation* of the word *Bogiganga*, confounded the two ideas of *farce* and *masquerade*, and blundered at the rate he did, in his letter to his Doctor. Whether this conjecture of mine is right or wrong, I will refer him to *Shelton's* English translation of *Don Quixote*, who, with great propriety, renders the word *Bogiganga*, *the fool in the play*; which might have put the Commentator in the way of being right, if he had attended to it, while he was about his *mui malditas Anotaciones a Quixote*, as he calls his *mui maldito Comento*.

But enough of this kind of learning, which, in all likelihood, will, by serious

readers, be termed most impertinent learning: and, should any lover of etymologies pardon it, and consider it as deserving a small corner in *Menage* or *Covarruvias's* works, I am sure I should be as proud of it, as my landlady's maid was on Sunday last, when she put on her new gown of a yard-wide stuff, to go to church in. At all events, our Tolondron, that fancies he could teach me Spanish, may well be aware by this time, that, were I to go to his school, I might possibly prove a very clever lad, and even play the husher in his absence, if he were ever willing to trust me with the rod.

To his *Comento* the Tolondronissimo has tagged no less than *five Indexes*, mightily conducive, like his *double definition* of *Bogiganga*, to the complete understanding of Don Quixote, which, no doubt, was the laudable aim he had in both his eyes during his *fourteen years* incessant drudgery.

The *two first* of those *Indexes*, which might as well have been melted into one, if the man had ever known how to do things

things right: the *two first Indexes*, I say, contain, in due alphabetic order, not only the names of all the men and women mentioned in *Don Quixote*, from *Adam and Eve*, down to *Sancho and Teresa*; but also the names, that Cervantes happened to name, of countries, towns, castles, villages, rivers, streets, squares, churches, and other component parts of this low world. By thus bringing in a synoptical view *Adam and Eve, Alexander, Ovid, Pedro de Bustamante, Don Galaor, Ariosto, Cardenio, Agramante, Lela Marien, Leo the Jew, the little engineering Friar, Mahomet, Lucifer, Julius Cæsar*, and other such personages, plain it is, that the comprehending of *Don Quixote* is greatly facilitated to the Spaniards, especially, as, among those names of men and women, the Tolondron has ingeniously intermixed, not only those, as I said, of *Sancho and his wife*, but also those of *the Curate, of the Barber, of Sanson Carrasco, of Tomé Cecial, of Dulcinea, of Sancho's elegant daughter Sanchica*, and that of *Don Quixote* himself, which, had they

they unfortunately been left out of either Index, would certainly have left the poor text as dark, as any dark cellar in Dark-house-lane, near Billingsgate, where Jack often resorts to learn English, and eat oysters cheap.

Don Quixote is likewise further expounded by Jack's having registered in those two Indexes the names of *Africa*, *Spain*, *England*, the *Island Barataria*, the *Island Melindrania*, the *Kingdom of Sobradisa*, *Naples*, *Valencia*, *Barcellona*, *Carthage*, *Carthagena*, and other places, which, no doubt, render very intelligible the puzzling geography of Cervantes. Nor has the Tolondron forgotten, among so many names, those of *Bucephalus*, *Babieca*, *Frontino*, *Bajardo*, and *Brilladoro*; that were formerly mounted by *Alexander*, *Ruy Diaz* surnamed the *Cid*, *Sacripante*, *Rinaldo*, and *Orlando*; every thing with a view to sweep away difficulties, clear up obscurities, and make every rough passage as smooth, and as nice, as an infant's nuptial bed. His admirable ingenuity went even so far,

as to tell you exactly, how many times *Rocinante* is named by his name throughout the text: a thing that contributes not a little to make it plainer and plainer. But—*O tempora!* *O mores!* Could you have suspected it, ye Christians of all denominations, that, having done so much for the fortunate *Rocinante*, Mr. Index-Maker has totally forgotten Sancho's meritorious *Ass*, as if the glorious quadruped had been a *blittri*, a mere nonentity, in comparison to his lean and slow-paced comrade! Prodigious busy have I been in searching under the words *Asno*, *Burro*, *Borrigo*, *Pollino*, *fumento*, *Rucio*, *Animal*, *Bestia*, and *Bestezuela*, by all which the brave ass is called in various parts of the text: but could get no more tidings of him, than of the braying *Alcalde's*, or of those three, on which the sublime *Dulcinea* and her two amiable damsels rode, when the wicked *Necromancer* transformed them into three garlick-smelling wenches. How the diligent and accurate Tolondron could, on this great
contin-

contingency, be so unlike himself, and prove guilty of so strange an oversight, can scarcely be conceived, considering the long time he has wasted away in heaping up, with his broad intellectual spade, every most minute minutia, that could throw light upon his text, and give a tympany to his *Comento*. Mercy upon me! Not so much as a cumin-seed of brotherly love in some flinty hearts! O *tempora!* O *mores!*

But what do you imagine, good neighbours, that Mr. Bowle's *third Index contains?* Out with your groat a-piece each of you, and you shall know it as well as myself! That third Index contains (and I do not bamboozle you) neither more nor less than the names, told over again, of all the men and women named in Don Quixote; such as *Adam and Eve, Sancho and Teresa, Don Quixote, Sanson Carrasco, Don Galaor, Alexander, Mahomet, Agramant, Ovid, Lela Marien*, and the rest; as also the names told over again, of *countries, towns, villages, rivers, castles, churches, etcetera,* with

with the only addition of two regions, by him discovered, I know not in what latitude; the one called *Paster Fido*, and the other *Paternoster*. What part of the text this repetition of names clarifies, and makes intelligible, I cannot as yet guess: but, if ever I am so lucky as to find it out, every soul of you shall know it speedily, by means of some scholia to the present Speeches, that I am actually planning, as I am none of your Rosicrucians, that keep to themselves all the beneficial knowledge they can get at, to the great detriment of the literary commonwealth.

Index four, and *Index five*, not only contain the *palabras principales*, or *principal words*, used by Cervantes in his book, such as *Abundancia*, *Marinero*, *Famoso*, *Dolor*, *Abfurdo*, *Ingenioso*, *Bastardo*, and other such; but also a punctual enumeration of the times, that each one of those *palabras* has been repeated throughout the book, every repetition ascertained by proper numerical references to the chapters, pages, and

and lines, wherein they have occurred again and again. To own the truth, I have, as yet, not had sufficient leisure, accurately to read these two last Indexes through : but *Señor Sancha*, the Madrid bookseller and printer already mentioned, who came to England on purpose to be taught by Mr. Bowle the *Aljama*, or *Moorish* *Jargon*, used by Cervantes throughout his *Don Quixote*, told me, before his return to his country took place, that Mr. Bowle, by means of those two glorious Indexes, had informed him of the number of times, that the word *Cavallero* (*knight*) has been repeated in Cervantes's book ; which number I have now forgotten whether it amounted to seventeen hundred, or seventeen hundred thousand ; but I know it is thereabout : a piece of information, said he, that, he was quite sure, would prove of infinite advantage to the Royal Academicians, and all other good people in Spain if ever desirous to understand *Don Quixote*, and enter into the very marrow

marrow of all his numerous dark meanings. Mr. Bowle, added *Señor Sancho*, has done us all such mighty service by apprising us minutely of all Don Quixote's doings, not very well known to us before, that, depend upon it, my grateful countrymen shall have a statue raised to his honour in the very center of *Barataria*, to match that already erected there to *Sancho Panza*, to immortalize his ever-memorable government of that celebrated island.

This, ye yeoman of England, lairds of Scotland, and volunteers of Ireland; this is the sketch, that I have, with no great labour, etched of Mr. John Bowle's unmatchable performance. A more *waspish* reviewer than myself, by taking some more pains than I have been willing to do, might have tossed him much higher in his critical blanket, than I have done in mine: but as it matters not a straw to the wide world, whether his book is good or bad, of use, or of no use, I did not think it right to lose more time in epitomizing it, than I have already lost.

Captain

Captain Crookshanks was the man, who gave me the first notice, while I was in Suffex, of the Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, by means whereof our good Jack flattered himself to blister me all over, and cure me of the rheumatism. But that letter I had disregarded, as too sublimely despicable in every point to be noticed, if, on my coming to town, the beginning of last month, (and to-day is the 17th of November, 1785), I had not happened to read his four other Letters to Mr. Urban, which, I own, shocked me, not so much on mine, as on Doctor Johnson's account, whose most respectable memory is, in those rascally scraps, so beastly vilified, as you have seen, by this vile dealer in scurrility, scandal, and abominable lies. To chastise the brute for having dared so to do, and teach him to leave off his Ourang-Outang tricks for the future, I have scribbled in a hurry these Speeches, firmly persuaded, that there is not one honest man in the three kingdoms, but what will approve of my hunting down

John Crookshanks and I need not say any more such

such a Savage, who excavates and throws open, with claws and fangs, even sepulchres, that he may satiate his horrid hunger with the bones of the dead. In the *Prologo*, so judiciously damned by Captain Crookshanks, the Jack has told us in his Spanish lingo, that, long before any body had seen any part of his performance, *Deans, Barons, Esquires, and Dons* gave it infinite praise: and to them he might have added the Captain himself, who was then likewise one of his warmest encomiasts, as well as one of his most liberal subscribers. But, if ever the Edition and Comment come to a second edition, as the Tolondronissimo still flatters himself will be the case, let him issue forth with the names of the *Deans, Barons, Esquires, and Dons*, that approved of his *great undertaking* after they saw it printed. I would give the world, as the phrase is, to see Mr. John Bowle produce, out of his pocket-book, a single card of congratulation on this score, subscribed *Percy, Dillon, Tyrwhitt, Ortega, or Safortada*, who were those, as he tells

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us,

us, that approved of his *great undertaking*, and spurred him briskly to carry it on, as they took it for granted, that he told them truth, when he informed them of his own immense abilities for that purpose, which then they had certainly no means of forming any idea of.

To conclude and make an end of this paltry subject, I now pull my night-cap off my white-haired noddle, and, making a most reverential bow to Mr. John Bowle, alias Querist, alias Anti-Janus, alias Izzard Zed, alias Coglione, alias Jack, alias Tolondron; and wishing a merry Christmas to you all, there goes to the Devil his edition and my pen, quite worn out to the stump. *Valete omnes.*

F I N I S.